

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming a General Repository of Literature, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, the Drama, &c.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Flirtation: a Novel. 3 vols. Post 8vo. London, 1827. Colburn.

'You must come and tell me what you think of the new work. "Flirtation" is an excellent name, isn't it? it comprehends so much, and it does not disappoint you in that; there is a great deal in it more than many people will like; but let the "galled jade wince;" it is beyond belief how many people look frightened.'

"Frightened," said Mr. Lepel, who had overheard this conversation, while employed examining Lady Emily; "delighted, you mean; the generality of people live only upon being talked of, or at, no matter which, or how."

"You speak your own sentiments," rejoined Mrs. Neville; "you live upon it; but many others do not like the idea, I can tell you, of being hauled over the coals."

"Vulgar!" exclaimed Mr. Lepel, loud enough to be overheard, and turned away.

"For my part," continued Mrs. Neville, "I think it may do them all a vast deal of good, if they will only take the covert hints it contains."

Now this, which (with the slight substitution of the word *Flirtation*, for those of '*East and West*'), is literally transcribed from the work before us, is precisely the language in which numbers of the fashionable world address each other, on the appearance of an exposition said to proceed from the pen of one of its most gifted and brilliant members. For ourselves, we hesitate not to aver that we have rarely perused a novel, taking for its subject the habits and pursuits of the higher classes, so full of vivacity and power. But it is not only as a panorama, in which the conduct and the foibles of a privileged few (who, however, arrogate to themselves the title of the *whole and only world*), may be accurately traced, that we are to look upon these volumes. Exclusive of this high and unusual attraction, (for it is a fact, that numerous as have been the attempts, seldom have the regions of *ton* been honestly portrayed,) they possess almost every quality that can arrest the attention, or stimulate the appetite of the voracious tribe of novel-readers. The miserable consequences of the crime which the author has taken upon herself to denounce, are shewn in the fate not only of the lofty and accomplished Lady Bellamont, but in that of a village coquet (Rose Delvyn) whose early career is exquisitely described. Then we have pictures of rural life (which could come only from one who has felt and enjoyed its charms,) cleverly contrasted, towards the conclusion of the tale, with the splendid dissipations of fashion,—alarms, stratagems, seduction, suicide—down

even to forgeries, gypsies, and a mask! What more could the most fastidious or the most sentimental desire? It may be gathered from this statement, that the *materiel* of this story is not of a very original order; but we have endeavoured to express our sense of the skill and spirit, and fidelity, with which the characters have been grouped, and events developed. Next in our estimation to the *creative* power itself, we rank the ability which so combines and arranges the well-worn matters of this common-place existence, as to lend even to exhaustion an air of novelty. But it is time that we laid before our readers a few exemplars of a tale which has afforded us so much enjoyment. On such occasions it is worse than useless to attempt to unravel the thread of the narrative; we therefore content ourselves with a few detached passages. Our excerpts commence with the sketch of a lawyer, to whom the author applies Wordsworth's indignant stanza,—

'A lawyer art thou! come not nigh;
Go, carry to some other place
The hardness of thy coward eye—
The falsehood of thy sallow face!'

After expressing a hope that Mr. Abraham Aldget is not a fair specimen of his tribe—but afforded rather an instance of anomaly in the profession to which he belonged, the author goes on:

'The ruling maxim of the indefatigable Abraham, was to make a journey in behalf of one client, furnish opportunities by which he turned to account the affairs of half a dozen others; a word here, and a word there, given in due season, in his perambulations, would, he found, often transform petty feuds and trifling jealousies into serious disputes, and thus lay the foundation of a profitable suit; while friendly offers of assistance and accommodation to his more peaceable neighbours, in regard to their purchases, contracts, bargains, &c. served his purpose equally well in another way. It is true this latter concern in their interests ended, like the more hostile proceedings of the law, in long bills with the items: "letters read, attendance given, interviews with A. and counter-interviews with B.; detained a long time. Journey to C., and expenses the whole day. &c. &c." But though the catastrophe removed the veil and left the astonished clients, in both instances, without ground to dispute the accuracy of such a diary, and probably, with no substantial benefit derived to them beyond their dear-bought experience, still they were invariably glad to pay, to escape the last and great misfortune of all,—an action for the bill;—and thus lived and became rich, Abraham Aldget and his partner.'

This estimable character has been profoundly ruminating on a scheme by which his acknowledged ability shall be profitably called into action,—

'But his pony, meanwhile, had not entered into the motives which induced the rider to turn from the direct road home; and, availing himself of the liberty which the bridle hanging loosely on his neck had given him, he crept unperceived into a by-path conducting more immediately to the hall. Down this, he was proceeding at a quick amble, such as horses voluntarily adopt as they move homeward, when suddenly his off-leg slipped into a tremendous hole, and the shock had nearly brought poor Surefoot and his burden into the mire together. The former struggled to recover his lost equilibrium; and the latter, thoroughly roused from his reverie by a sense of the danger he had escaped, now hastily descended, resolved to place his neck no longer in jeopardy, but to reconnoitre before he proceeded farther. As he looked round, he discovered that he had left almost all track of the beaten path, and stood in a kind of slough, which formed a boundary between the estates of his two clients, Carlton and Montgomery, and from which, on the right hand or left, there appeared to be no hope of extricating himself.

'In this dilemma, doubting whether to proceed or to turn back, his attention was suddenly roused by hearing voices that were familiar to him; and, from some words that came distinctly to his hearing, his curiosity was stimulated to listen to the discourse of the speakers. Leaving Surefoot to indulge his propensity for some long fresh-budding grass which grew on the farther side of the bank, he stepped on, softly screened from observation by a thick quick-set hedge, and soon ascertained that the colloquy was passing between Mr. Carlton and Rose Delvin.

"Indeed, Mr. Carlton, I cannot stop with you no longer; I promised father not to speak to you, and I must not break my promise, you know."

"Break your promise! nonsense, pretty one!—why don't you know what a promise means? Why, a promise is made to be broken, except it is voluntarily given with all your heart and soul. Now, I am sure your promise was not a willing one in the present instance. Rose, dear Rose, do not say it was."

"What a pity it is," thought Mr. Aldget, "that he is not a lawyer!"

"Willing or not willing, Mr. Carlton," rejoined Rose, you know I must obey my parents, else what did I learn my catechism for? Pray, pray let go my hand."

"Nay, now, Rose, my moon-eyed Rose, do not be so coy. Hear me you shall, whether you like it or not: I will not lose this opportunity. I advise you, for your own sake, to let me speak quietly to you; why, dear one! you have nothing to fear from me. Sit down on this bank, and let us have a little conversation."

"Well, sir, remember it it not my fault; I did not agree to meet you: you have caught me and—and I must listen to you; but pray take your arm away, Mr. Carlton."

"Your fault, sweet Rose? no—you can commit no fault. Young, gentle, beautiful, and enchanting as you are, you *must* be in the right. I vow, as you sit there on that bank, you look more fit to be a queen on a throne than a country maiden."

"La, now, Mr. Carlton! don't ye speak so; it makes me quite ashamed to hear ye."

"Listen to me, Rose. It is quite impossible that you should be designed to become the partner of a country boor, to churn butter and feed poultry; those beautiful eyes were formed for very different purposes than to open on a farm-yard, or attract the louts at a country fair; that divine figure cannot be destined to coarse hard work; nor those delicate fingers, which tempt a kiss, be doomed only to knit and to spin! Rose, my sweetest rose, leave off such low pursuits. Dismiss Ambrose, and trust to me; you shall see to what a rank I will elevate you! You shall never hear any thing but the sweetest sounds; never wear any thing but the richest jewels; your beauties shall be arrayed in the most costly attire:—

"Estatic powers shall your whole life employ,
And every sense be lost in every joy."

"Goodness gracious, sir! what signifies talking to me so? just like what one reads in a printed book. You know I'm engaged to Ambrose Phillips; we have kept company these two years, and he'll break his heart if I leave him, that's sure."

"Ha, ha, ha!" replied Mr. Carlton, laughing; "break his heart! no, no, men's hearts don't break, pretty one; 'men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.'—Break his heart! no, no, believe me, he'll go on breaking stones and mending roads just as usual, whether you dismiss him or not, as he ought to do, for he is fit for nothing else; but if it were not so, better fifty such hearts were broken, than that you should become the prey of a country loon—a Caliban—a monster, such as he."

"No, indeed, he's not a monster, and he loves me better than you, perhaps;—let go my hand, Mr. Carlton."

"Well, well, be calm, and don't spoil your beauty by frowning so, and I will do exactly as you desire, pretty one."

"O Mr. Carlton, I am much troubled in mind; let me go home:—oh! what if father and mother could see me now, what would they say to me? what could I say to them?"

"Why, laugh, to be sure, love, and tell them you had found a lover more suited to you than the coarse Caliban they design for your husband."

"Indeed I could not do that, Mr. Carlton; mother would pierce me through with a look, and father would strike me dead at his feet."

"Good God! Rose, it is you who now alarm me!" exclaimed Mr. Carlton, in affected horror.—"What, are they such unnatural parents? then, indeed, you should have no scruple in telling them you have placed yourself under my protection."

"Oh, sir, my mother and—"

"What! Rose, am I to be refused and despised, and all my offers disregarded for a hundred of *your* relations!—Pray how many uncles and aunts and cousins to the hundred and fourth generation of the noble family of Delvins am I yet to contend with in your favour?"

"Sir, none of my family are noble; that is to say, they be none of them lords or ladies, and that's what you call noble, I be iieve; but they be all good people: I have ~~two~~ uncles and one aunt, and—"

"Oh! my silly Rose, now could I find it in my heart to be out of all patience with you, but that you are so lovely;" and Mr. Carlton passed his arm round her waist.

"So lovely," cried Ambrose furiously, who had came upon them unperceived, "that you nor no villain shall take her from me;"—and he pushed Mr. Carlton aside violently with one arm, while he snatched Rose to his bosom with the other.

Mr. Carlton staggered to retain his feet.—"How now, fellow! am I to speak to no one on my own estate without *your* leave and authority? Things are come to a pretty pass, indeed, when the clown is to give law to the man who supports him:—away with you, fellow; or it shall go ill with you."

"Mr. Carlton," said Ambrose, trying to suppress his passion, "I find it very hard to keep my hands from off you; if you were any other than you are, I would tell you, if you be a man, to give me fair play, and—"

"Take that," said Mr. Carlton—"take that, insolent hind!" and he struck him a blow which would have brought one of less stout frame than Ambrose to the ground.

"Nay, if you be for that work, have at ye!" exclaimed Ambrose, driven past his patience; and springing upon Mr. Carlton, he would have borne him down with the impetuosity of his attack, but his foot slipped and he fell.

"Villain!" cried Mr. Carlton, as he tore a stake from the hedge-row and brandished it over the prostrate Ambrose—"villain! you are in my power!" Rose screamed loudly; but her lover, springing once more on his feet, flung himself upon Mr. Carlton, wrested the stick from his hand, and hurling it away, cried "There's for ye, coward!" while at the same time raising his arm, with one blow he felled him to the earth.

"Murder! murder! help, help, murder!" cried Mr. Aldget, coming forth from his concealment, and muttering to himself, as he scrambled through the hedge, "here are fine doings; here is assault and battery on one hand—a plea of self-defence on the other—a seduced maiden, and a breach of promise of marriage. Carlton versus Ambrose, Ambrose versus Carlton, and Rose Delvin versus — I say, murder—help—murder! will nobody come to my assistance?"

In the mean time, Rose was borne away, half fainting, by Ambrose; and Mr. Carlton lay extended, speechless, and bleeding, on the ground.

The following quotations will introduce to our readers several other personages who figure in these pages. Lady Frances has accused her sister of being unable to live without a humble friend to flatter her:—

"I should think," replied Lord Mowbray, speaking aloud, "that Lady Emily might always command attention and admiration; and that, if her kindness leads her to protect those in humble life, it is benevolence, and not choice of companionship, which directs her conduct on the present occasion."

"Thank you, Lord Mowbray," said Lady Emily, who had overheard him; "but I must say a word in my own defence:—I never liked any person because they were great, or powerful, or the fashion; I love those I love, naturally, without asking myself why, and then I find out a thousand good reasons afterwards. As to poor Rose Delvin, she is not an intellectual or improving companion, I allow; but she is very good-natured, and good-tempered, very

pretty, very young, very lively, very much devoted to me, and helps me in my garden and in tending my birds and my pets. I wish to see her happily settled in her own rank of life; but I have no foolish wish to take her out of it."

Lady Frances interrupted her: "But you honestly confess she is, to use your own romantic phrase, very much devoted to you; and that is sufficient, I suppose, to create all this flame of interest in return."

"And a very good reason too," rejoined Lord Mowbray; "did you ever hear the old song?"

"I love my love, because I know my love loves me."

It is the best possible reason I know for loving man, woman, child, or animal. It might go a great way with me, I confess."

"I suspect," said Lady Emily, turning her smiling eyes upon him, "that you agree with the sentiment which I have read somewhere, namely, *Que nous aimons toujours ceux qui nous admirent, mais nous n'aimons pas toujours ceux que nous admirons*. There are many degrees of attachment."

"Then it comes to the same thing," said Lady Frances; "you are flattered by the admiration of a person much inferior to yourself, into a friendship which otherwise you would not feel."

"Friendship! that is a strong term, sister! no, I could not make my *friend*, one whom education, rank, station, place at a distance from me: Friendship argues an equality. I do not like exactly that my good-will towards Rose Delvin should be supposed to fill my whole heart."

The character of Lady Frances is hit off with peculiar felicity:—

Lady Frances, as we have related, had the misfortune to lose her mother very shortly after her introduction into "Life," as it is called; by which it meant bringing forward a very young girl into society, who, hitherto immured in the school-room, escapes at that period from the trammels of her governess, with no other ideas beyond those of a suitable alliance and establishment, and who, ignorant of every thing which in the long run constitutes the happiness of married life, is by this one act rendered competent (such is the conclusion) to decide on a point involving the fate of her entire future existence. For marriage is the first object of every young lady; and, too generally, of every mamma; and constitutes the very end and aim of an introduction. The sagacity and affection of the parent may, by averting the mischiefs incident to such a system, sometimes succeed in saving her offspring from the shoals and rocks of a hasty or ill-judged connexion; yet where this friendly counsel is wanting, what accumulated dangers gather round the inexperienced adventurer in her choice! what perplexities bewilder her judgment! what temptations assail her innocence, and stand ready to betray her in into levity, if not into guilt! Such had been Lady Frances's fate; introduced into the world at an age when her judgment and her principles were alike unformed, and deprived of the only support and direction which can effectually influence a young mind to its true interests, she had become the victim of this too early initiation into the follies of fashion. She had not hitherto married, because the dangerous vanity of universal suffrage and homage from men in general, had made her look upon the devotion of one individual as in comparison flat and insipid. She had not sought or gained a single female friend;

because women, who by similarity of habits might have been her associates, were, in a career of coquetry, for this very reason, dangerous rivals; and those from whom no competition was to be feared, shunned naturally an intimacy with one whose principles were so much at variance with their own. Youth, however, and novelty and great personal charms, will for a time prevail against the judgment of the thinking and sober part of the world; and Lady Frances, with all these advantages on her side, was not likely soon to feel the effect of her error. Wherever she appeared, she commanded admiration, if she did not ensure respect; and in the gay and giddy throng in which she moved, it was not likely she should hear the partial censure on her conduct that fell from the lips of a few moralists, or the lesson which even worldly prudence would have taught her.

Her career was too dazzling and too successful to admit of reflection, even if Lady Frances had been more capable of it; the reflection to a mind like hers seldom comes but at a time when it can avail nothing by its counsels. She had shone and glittered for four successive seasons, exercising a tyrant's sway over the heart of almost every young man of rank and fashion who approached her; and she had rejected offer after offer, in the indulgence of her ruling passion for admiration.

It is, perhaps, necessary to a thorough understanding of the proper meaning of the term *flirtation*, that we should allow Mrs. Neville, one of the author's most amusing portraits, to describe it:—

"Nothing beyond flirtation is tolerated; when it goes openly farther, then away the parties go—for a time disappear or do not disappear—are only supposed to be invisible. A divorce ensues; and after a few years, perhaps a few months, if the parties are sufficiently great and powerful, or handsome and agreeable, to obtain absolution quickly, back they come on the scene with a change of name; and they both, as married people, begin to grow tired of each other in their turn, and commence new flirtations. Well, to be sure, it is beyond belief, to observe how the same routine goes round; why it is as regular as the return of the seasons—charming! But you do not suppose that the red-hot love lasts after the chill of matrimony has passed over it!—No, no; flirtation comes in like a master of the ceremonies, to hand love off the boards very quickly."

Acting upon the principle thus humourously stated, Lady Frances, shortly after her marriage with Lord Bellamont, becomes the *affiché* of Mr. Carlton;

"And, melancholy to say, she knew she was, and had come to that pass that she liked it, and conceived it to be a sort of distinction to have an *adulateur déclaré*."

"This might have been sufficiently tonish for Lady Bellamont, but it was by no means so for Mr. Carlton. At length he watched his opportunity; and having detained her, till an undue hour, at a fête champêtre and ball given at a celebrated villa, under pretence of its being impossible to find her carriage in the crowd, and various other excuses, he then, with well-acted despair, declared that her reputation was infallibly gone; that being seen walking about with him, in the absence of all her friends, and at such an hour, left her nothing for it but to place herself at once and for ever under his protection."

"For this, however, she was not prepared, and she still persisted in going home. His car-

riage, which had followed at due distance, happened to come up at this moment, on his making a signal to his servants, and she had no other resource left but that of getting into it, and being escorted by him to her own house. Arrived there, Mr. Carlton alighted and handed her in to the door, when, to her astonishment, Lord Bellamont himself received her. He was evidently flushed with wine; but not sufficiently inebriated to be ignorant of the manner and the hour of her appearance.

"Few women are so abandoned as not to shrink before the steady gaze of an injured husband. Lady Bellamont began apologizing and accounting for her being so late, in a flurried but apparently careless way; when Mr. Carlton whispered to her, "Don't you see he is dead drunk; how can you condescend to talk to him thus, when he is in such a state?"

"Madam," said Lord Bellamont, taking her hand somewhat roughly and pulling her towards him, "go up to your apartment and hide your disgrace. As to you, sir, you are a villain and a coward. To-morrow I will answer any thing you may have to say to this observation;" and, pointing to the street, he closed the door violently in Carlton's face.

"A dreadful scene ensued between the husband and wife. It is not to be wondered at that Lord Bellamont, under such provocation, lost something of his vantage ground by the intemperate language in which he at first reproached his guilty wife. But Lady Bellamont, on the contrary, taking advantage of a virtue, to which, in fact, she had no right, (for she forgot that there is an adultery of the heart,) defied him to any proof of her actual guilt; while he well knew, that his conduct with Lady Dashwood must for ever preclude the possibility of his daring to breathe a word against herself.

"Whatever may be my faults," replied Lord Bellamont, who was by this time perfectly sober, "they are no excuse for your's; and if, in some few instances, the husband's crimes may be pleaded in extenuation of the wife's, you must be conscious, Frances, that, in your own, they never can. Had I a thought but for you and of you? Did I not wish to live for you alone? Did I not entreat you to pass the greatest part of your time in the quiet of a domestic circle, in scenes of tranquil retirement, where social duties and married happiness are best preserved, free from the taint of bad example and dangerous temptation? But you scorned—nay, positively refused, all these my offers. What can be argued of a woman who will not consent to pass any time alone with her husband?"

"Argued? why they will argue that she had a cross, ill-tempered man to deal with—an unreasonable, jealous man, who could not suffer her ever to speak to a soul but himself. The wife will be pitied, the husband laughed at; that is all."

"Frances, the time is past when these false, flippant, and infamous ways of reasoning can affect me. I know my own faults now, thank God; and, in knowing and acknowledging them, I am restored to what I ought to be, not only your husband, but master. Listen to me, Lady Bellamont—I command you to listen to me. I have been the dupe of my own follies, the fond and foolish puppet of your will; and I have been on the verge of making a total wreck of my own dignity and self-esteem, together with that of our mutual happiness. But I have awakened to a sense of what I owe myself and you; and I will, if it be not too late,

snatch you from that perdition into which my weakness and your own vanity, or worse, had nearly plunged you."

"Mercy on me, what a tirade!"

"Nay, hear me out, madam! I am willing to overlook the past; I am willing to confess my own errors, and am determined to redress them; but in return I will take upon me those rights which, as a husband, are mine, and will control your conduct in such wise as seems good to me; not with brutal harshness (you cannot, Frances, in your heart accuse me of any thing but too fond a love), but with that wholesome restraint with which it is the duty of every man to guide his wife, and which every one who resigns will repent the longest day he breathes. I offer you now the return of a heart which you only estranged from you by your own acts. I offer you honourable, lasting, and pure attachment, with all the durable happiness which flows from such an unpolluted source; but in return I will be repaid by obedience and duty; and oh! how ardently I wish to add, by love!"

"Lady Bellamont was touched; but too proud, too unsubdued in spirit to like to answer; she kept taking off her ornaments and twisting them in her fingers. Lord Bellamont looked at her despairingly—"I trust I am not too late," he said; and then added, "I will leave you, Frances, to reflect on what I have said. To-morrow, I shall expect your answer, your final answer;" and he left her to take council with her own heart; but, alas! that heart was polluted—hardened—lost!"

Thus powerfully does the author depict the fatal effects of a vice which, we fear, prevails too generally, and has taken too deep root in the feelings and habits of every class, to be effectually assailed even by so able a censor as the writer of these volumes.

WALPOLE'S ANECDOTES OF PAINTING.

(Concluded from p. 708.)

IN our former notice of this amusing and elegant work, our view was confined to the painters in the reign of George the First, and brief as it necessarily was, we nevertheless deem it advisable so to dismiss it, and to proceed to the more interesting era, enriched with the names of Hogarth, Cennetti, Goupy, Rysbrach, and Roubiliac.

The first, upon whom we shall have occasion to make a few observations, is Thomas Worlidge, an artist who attained a certain degree of celebrity, which, in his own time, may have been merited, but which certainly would not be awarded him, if, with the same stock of talent, his claim were advanced at the present day. Worlidge was born in the year 1700, and died in 1766. For the greater part of his life, he painted portraits in miniature;—

"He afterwards, with worse success, performed them in oil; but at last acquired reputation and money by etchings, in the manner of Rembrandt, proved to be a very easy task, by the numbers of men who have counterfeited that master, so as to deceive all those who did not know his works by heart. Worlidge's imitations and his heads in black-lead have grown astonishingly into fashion. His best piece is the whole-length of Sir John Astley, copied from Rembrandt: his print of the theatre at Oxford, and the act there, and his statue of Lady Pomfret's Cicero, are very poor performances. His last work was a book of Gems from

the Antique. He died, Sept. 23, 1766, at Hamersmith, though latterly he resided chiefly at Bath.

Alluding to this last performance, the *Gems from the Antique*, the editor of the volume under review observes,—

'More was due to the known merit of this work, than this cold mention of it. In 1768, after the death of Worlidge, was published "A select Collection of Drawings, from curious antique Gems, most of them in the possession of the nobility and gentry of this kingdom, etched after the manner of Rembrandt, by T. Worlidge, painter, 4to. 1768," containing one hundred and eighty miniature etchings. Two others, upon the excellence of which the fame of Worlidge may safely rest, of Hercules with the Nemean Lion, and the large Medusa, are sometimes added. In point of execution, they exhibit great truth and beauty; but are deficient in a certain feeling of art, afterwards so conspicuous in the Arundel (now Marlborough) Gems, engraved by Bartolozzi.'

If we are agreed that something more than the mere mention of this book was due from Walpole, we are yet scarcely inclined to go so far in its praise as Mr. Dallaway. As we have before remarked, the talents of Worlidge would scarcely drag him from utter obscurity in the present advanced state of the arts. With his delineation of the head simply, we have no particular fault to find; but, like Rembrandt, whose manner, as the reader will have observed in the preceding extract, he endeavoured to imitate, he drew the human figure very incorrectly. Consequently, he failed in the attempt to transfer to the copper the grace, the symmetry, and that evidence of a perfect acquaintance with the 'form divine,' for which the wonderful originals are so remarkable. Neither are we inclined to say much for the 'truth' with which the copying of even the heads was attended. On the contrary, we think that, generally, all the 'light and life and glory' of nature, which seems to have been infused into the inanimate stone by the antique artist, has been lost in the transfer. They rather resemble *prose* translations of exquisite *poetry*. In particular cases, they are even carelessly drawn. Mr. Dallaway, it is true, qualifies his approval by the observation, that they are 'deficient in a certain feeling of art;' but in this 'feeling' consists the very 'truth and beauty' to which he alludes, and it is this feeling which alone distinguishes talent from incapacity. Let the reader compare the best of Worlidge's Gems with those by Bartolozzi, referred to by Mr. Dallaway, or to the equally beautiful productions of Bernard Picart, which preceded the appearance of the work by Worlidge by at least thirty years, and he will instantly comprehend our meaning.

Neither Walpole, nor any one of his editors, has, to our knowledge, afforded the reader an accurate idea of the peculiar style of Worlidge. The common term 'etching' is not exactly to the purpose, because it conveys a notion that he resorted to the usual agencies of the etching ground and aquafortis, which, however, produce an effect very different from that observable in the prints of this artist. He merely used the etching point, working upon the bare copper, and

not 'biting-in' his work with aquafortis, according to the common practice. The technical term for this process, is 'etching with the dry point.' Worlidge was the first by whom it was practised in this country, and as it is very deficient both in spirit and effect, we see no reason to regret that he was also the last, to any extent, worthy of remark.

It may not be uninteresting to observe, that, about twelve years ago, a considerable number of the original plates belonging to Worlidge's *Gems from the Antique* were purchased at a sale by Mr. Charles Dyer, of Compton Street. They were in an apparently hopeless state, every one of them having, more or less, deep and numerous incisions with the graver directly across the workmanship. They were, however, very cleverly restored by an engraver of the name of Priscott.

Our next notice must refer to the life of that 'great and original genius, Hogarth,' with whose excellence all our London readers, at least, may become acquainted by a visit to the Angerstein Gallery.

Hogarth was born in the parish of St. Bartholomew, London, on the 10th December, 1697. According to Walpole, he was the son of a 'low tradesman,' who bound him to a mean engraver of arms on plate. According to Mr. Dallaway, his father was a schoolmaster, and Nichols's Biographical Remarks states, that he was apprenticed to Mr. Gemble, an eminent silversmith. Before his time was expired,

'He felt the impulse of genius, and felt it directed him to painting, though little apprized at that time of the mode nature had intended he should pursue. His apprenticeship was no sooner expired, than he entered into the academy in St. Martin's Lane, and studied drawing from the life, in which he never attained to great excellence. It was character,—the passions, the soul, that his genius was given him to copy. In colouring he proved no greater a master: his force lay in expression; not in tints and chiaro scuro. At first he worked for booksellers, and designed and engraved plates for several books; and, which is extraordinary, no symptom of genius dawned in those plates. His *Hudibras* was the first of his works that marked him as a man above the common; yet what made him then noticed, now surprises us, to find so little humour in an undertaking so congenial to his talents. On the success, however, of those plates, he commenced painter, a painter of portraits; the most ill-suited employment imaginable to a man whose turn certainly was not flattery, nor his talent adapted to look on vanity without a sneer. Yet his facility in catching a likeness, and the method he chose of painting families and conversations in small, then a novelty, drew him prodigious business for some time. It did not last, either from his applying to the real bent of his disposition, or from his customers apprehending that a satirist was too formidable a confessor for the devotees of self-love. He had already dropped a few of his smaller prints on some reigning follies, but as the dates are wanting on most of them, I cannot ascertain which, though those on the South Sea and Rabbit-woman prove that he had early discovered his talent for ridicule, though he did not then think of building his reputation or fortune on its powers.

'His *Midnight Modern Conversation* was

the first work that showed his command of character: but it was the *Harlot's Progress*, published in 1729 or 1730, that established his fame. The pictures were scarce finished, and no sooner exhibited to the public, and the subscription opened, than above twelve hundred names were entered on his book. The familiarity of the subject, and the propriety of the execution, made it tasted by all ranks of people. Every engraver set himself to copy it, and thousands of imitations were dispersed all over the kingdom. It was made into a pantomime, and performed on the stage. The *Rake's Progress*, perhaps superior, had not so much success, from want of novelty; nor, indeed, is the print of the *Arrest* equal in merit to the others.

'The curtain was now drawn aside, and his genius stood displayed in its full lustre. From time to time, he continued to give those works that should be immortal, if the nature of his art will allow it. Even the receipts for his subscriptions had wit in them. Many of his plates he engraved himself, and often expunged faces etched by his assistants when they had not done justice to his ideas.'

'Not content with shining in a path untrodden before,' Hogarth attempted to distinguish himself in the higher walk of history, it need scarcely be said, utterly without success;—it was Liston attempting the character of Hamlet, and his original genius for the burlesque shone, in spite of all his effort, through the flimsy veil of art with which he endeavoured, so absurdly and unjustly, to conceal it. In 1753, he published his celebrated *Analysis of Beauty*, 'a book,' says Walpole, 'that has many sensible hints and observations;' an opinion in which it is impossible not to coincide, although Hogarth would seem to be the last person calculated for the discovery of the principle of taste. It was treated with great severity by his contemporaries; rather, however, from a spirit of revenge, than of fair and impartial criticism:

'The last memorable event of our artist's life was his quarrel with Mr. Wilkes, in which, if Mr. Hogarth did not commence direct hostilities on the latter, he at least obliquely gave the first offence by an attack on the friends and party of that gentleman. This conduct was the more surprising, as he had, all his life, avoided dipping his pencil in political contests, and had early refused a very lucrative offer that was made to engage him in a set of prints against the head of a court party. Without entering into the merits of the cause, I shall only state the fact. In September, 1762, Mr. Hogarth published his print of the Times. It was answered by Mr. Wilkes in a severe North Briton. On this the painter exhibited the caricature of the writer. Mr. Churchill, the poet, then engaged in the war, and wrote his epistle to Hogarth, not the brightest of his works, and in which the severest strokes fell on a defect that the painter had neither caused nor could amend—his age! and which, however, was neither remarkable nor decrepit; much less had it impaired his talents, as appeared by his having composed but six months before one of his most capital works, the *Satire on the Methodists*. In revenge for this epistle, Hogarth caricatured Churchill under the form of a canonical bear, with a club and a pot of porter—*et vitula tu dignus & hic*—never did two angry men of their abilities throw mud with less dexterity.'

‘Mr. Hogarth, in the year 1730, married the only daughter of Sir James Thornhill, by whom he had no children. He died of a dropsy in his breast, at his house, in Leicester Fields, October 26, 1764.’

As a painter, that is, regarding the merely *mechanical*, as contradistinguished from the *inventive* department of his art, Hogarth has been denied any very considerable merit. We remember reading, though we regret to say we cannot at the present moment recollect where,—at a venture, we would name *The New Monthly Magazine*,—a remark of Opie, the artist, on this subject; that he was perfectly astonished when he first saw the paintings of Hogarth, at the discovery of how much injustice had been committed against him by general opinion. An inspection, many years back, of the admirable productions now at the Gallery, in Pall-Mall, (when the private property of Mr. Angerstein,) produced the same effect upon ourselves. Mr. Dallaway observes, that ‘the *Marriage à la Mode* proudly contradicts this charge of incompetency,’—a remark in which we entirely agree. We believe the fact to be, that Hogarth was, in this respect, the victim of a set of ‘ignorant virtuosi’ and ‘impudent picture dealers,’ who imagined, or whose interest it was to make others imagine, that nothing could possibly be good which was not of the old Flemish and Italian schools, and who, enraged at the contempt with which they were treated by this admirable painter, retorted upon him an unfounded charge of incompetency in the *mechanism* of an art in which it would have been absurd and utterly useless to have denied him an inexhaustible fund of the more rare and valuable quality, *invention*. The opinion obtained with those who were afraid to judge for themselves, and those who were not, deemed it the safer method to know and be silent. Posterity has, at length, done him tardy justice: he will not be the last, by thousands, who must be contented to appeal to her, from the injustice and the neglect of contemporaneous tribunals.

NEELE'S ROMANCE OF HISTORY.

(Concluded from page 707.)

WE now redeem our pledge that we would speedily recur to these interesting volumes; and in so doing, select our present specimen from the tale entitled ‘Catherine Gray,’ which we consider extremely characteristic and successful. Perhaps Mr. Neele’s *forte* does not peculiarly lie in the delineation of the more gentle and humble affections of the heart; he is occasionally ineffective when he endeavours to delineate ‘the woe that does not speak,’ the tenderness and the suffering that are inconsistent with the pomp of language, and the pathos which the master-hand portrays with a few light but sufficing touches, and which can never be elaborated with success. But the gay witchery of the minstrel, the brilliant daring of the cavalier, the splendid fascinations of music and poetry, and ‘the might,—the majesty of loveliness,’ are painted with the skill, and strength, and fidelity, which naturally result from deep admiration and intense study of what Mr. Neele has justly termed the *naïve* and

picturesque descriptions of Froissart—the terseness, energy, and eloquence of Hall, and the profound and philosophical spirit of Philip de Comines,’ combined with the poetical superiority and native powers of invention which have already effected so much for the reputation of the author, and the gratification of the public. We now proceed to the extracts we have promised.

The Earl of Hertford (son of the unfortunate Duke of Somerset, and raised to this earldom by Elizabeth, who was supposed to be enamoured of him,) has secretly married the beautiful Lady Catherine Gray, the only surviving sister of the celebrated Jane. Without being aware of Catherine’s marriage with her favourite, Elizabeth hears that she has been delivered of a son, and conceives that this opportune discovery will furnish her with a pretext for doing that which she had long desired, committing the Lady Gray to safe custody, and so placing it utterly out of her power to disturb her on the throne.

‘Catherine, however, being so nearly her kinswoman, she resolved, in the first instance, to grant her a private audience, as well to show her own apparent graciousness and condescension, as to gratify the real malice and tyranny of her nature. She was holding her court in the Tower of London at the time that her unfortunate cousin was introduced to her; and seated on a chair of state in a small private chamber, and surrounded by a few of her most confidential counsellors and maids of honour, she received the trembling culprit, who (followed by a single female attendant, bearing the new-born infant in her arms) entered and threw herself at the queen’s feet.

“Pardon! gracious madam, pardon!” said the Lady Catherine.

“Pardon, woman!” reiterated Elizabeth; “darest thou offend the ears of a virgin queen with a petition for pardon for a crime so odious and black a dye. By God’s head! we could sooner have pardoned an offence against our own crown and dignity than the crime of dishonouring the royal blood in thy veins. Thou must to the dungeons of this fortress, madam, and there learn to cool your hot blood, and by prayer and penitence, and the perusal of such holy works as I shall take care abundantly to supply you with, know how to bear that life of captivity to which you are now irrevocably doomed.”

“Say not so, great queen,” said the Lady Catherine; “the Princess Elizabeth once passed some months of wearisome captivity at Woodstock;—let her think of the horrors which will attend a life so spent in the Tower of London.”

“Peace, saucy madam!” said the queen; “when Elizabeth commits your crimes, she must learn to bear your punishment. Away with her to her dungeon, and let her congratulate herself that, instead of her limbs being confined in the Tower, her guilty head is not exhibited on its walls.”

“It cannot be,” said Catherine, breaking from those who had lain hands on her, “that my royal cousin means to execute her threats. Here, here, great queen,” she added, taking her infant in her arms and approaching Elizabeth, “is one, whose beauty and innocence will plead my cause with an eloquence to which thy kind and princely heart will not fail to listen.”

“Away with her!” shouted the queen in a voice of thunder, as with an expression of disgust she turned away from the child. “Yet ah!” she added, as the smile upon the infant’s

features caught her eye, and her lip quivered, and her cheek turned pale, “surely I have seen features that resemble these. Tell me, I charge thee, woman, ere I revoke that mercy which declared that thy life should be spared!” (as she spake these words, she rose from her seat, and extended her clenched hands towards Catherine,) “who is the father of thy child?”

“And wherefore,” said Catherine—“wherefore should I conceal his name, when that name designates all that is good and brave and generous,—Edward Seymour, Earl of Hertford.”

“God of my fathers!” exclaimed Elizabeth, lifting up her hands and eyes to heaven, and compressing her lips, while her cheek grew pale as marble, and large heavy drops poured down from her brow. “Said I, my lords, that her life should not be forfeited?”

“Even so, madam,” said Walsingham, bowing reverently; “your royal word is pledged.”

“Wretch!” exclaimed Elizabeth; “could not thy own vile passions be gratified without corrupting the noblest and most accomplished cavalier in my court. Could none but Seymour be made the accomplice of thy infamy?”

“Madam,” said the Lady Catherine proudly, “although a queen speaks, the names neither of Seymour nor of Gray must be branded with infamy.”

“Ha! say’st thou? impudent harlot!” ejaculated the queen.

“Neither a harlot, nor a harlot’s daughter, Queen of England!” said Catherine significantly, “is now addressing your majesty. I am the child of Frances Brandon, and am the lawful wedded wife of the Earl of Hertford.”

‘Queen Elizabeth gazed on her for a moment with unutterable wonder and rage. Every syllable of her exculpation, and the successive discoveries that Catherine Gray was delivered of a child, that the child was the offspring of the Earl of Hertford, and at length that it was born in wedlock, had only more and more exasperated the royal mind. Elizabeth’s schemes of policy and of love were alike baffled, and the scene which she had got up for the purpose of exhibiting Catherine as “a mark for the finger of scorn” to point at, had ended in her own mortification and dismay. The changing features of the queen were watched with the utmost anxiety by all present. Walsingham, who was profoundly read in the royal physiognomy, discovered the most fatal and desperate resolution there; but as often as her eye met his, she read with equal ease his disapproval of the violent measures to which she wished to resort. Elizabeth seldom acted in opposition to the counsels of that statesman, and fearing, as she did on this occasion, to lay open to him the secret weakness of her heart, she did not seek any private conference with him for the purpose of endeavouring to win him over to her scheme. After standing therefore for some minutes silent, while the struggle of her mind was visibly depicted in her features, she put an end to the suspense of her attendants with an effort of clemency which evidently cost her much, and exclaimed, “away with the harlot to her dungeon!”

‘The unhappy Catherine, who had been in momentary expectation of hearing a sentence of decapitation pronounced upon her, then walked unresistingly out of the presence-chamber, and was soon afterwards, with her infant, consigned to one of the gloomy apartments of that fortress which had been so often familiarized with the presence of royal and noble prisoners.’

The Earl of Hertford is also committed

the Tower, but with strict injunctions that he and his lady shall be kept apart. Elizabeth affects to institute an inquiry into the truth of the allegation, that the unfortunate Seymour and Catherine are married, but takes especial care that none of the witnesses of the ceremony shall be forthcoming. Whilst these proceedings are pending, the eloquence of Catherine triumphs over the scruples of the humane lieutenant, Sir Edward Warner, and the unhappy couple are allowed to meet. We pass a spirited description of the interview between Elizabeth and Warner, which takes place while the earl and his wife are indulging in the transports of temporary re-union, and in which the latter is betrayed into an acknowledgment that he has neglected the orders of Elizabeth by granting this permission. On hearing his confession,—

"The queen, acting on the impulse of the moment, commanded one of the guards to conduct her to the dungeon of the Lady Catherine Gray, and ordered the others to follow her with Sir Edward Warner in their custody. Anger, hatred, fear, jealousy, all lent wings to her steps. The dungeon door was soon before her; the bolts were withdrawn, and with little of the appearance of a queen in her gait and gestures, excepting that majesty which belongs to the expression of highly wrought feelings, she rushed into the dungeon, and found Catherine Gray in the arms of Hertford, who was kissing away the tears that had gathered on her cheek.

"Seize him—away with him to instant execution!" said the queen.

"The guards gazed for a moment wistfully on each other, and seemed as if they did not understand the command.

"Seize him! I say," exclaimed the queen. "I have myself taken the precaution to be present, that I may be assured that he is in your custody, and led away to the death that he has taken so much pains to merit."

"The guards immediately surrounded the earl, but they yet paused a moment ere they led him out of the dungeon, when they saw the Lady Catherine throw herself on her knees before Elizabeth, and seize the skirt of her robe.

"Have pity, gracious queen!" she cried, "have pity!"

"Away, minion!" said the queen; "he had no pity on himself when he ventured to break prison, even in the precincts of our royal palace. His doom is fixed."

"Not yet, great queen, not yet!" said Catherine, still grasping Elizabeth's robe. "Can naught save him?"

"Naught, save my death," said the queen; and then she added in an under tone, which she did not seem to intend should be audible, while a dark smile played on her lip, "or perchance thine."

Catherine's ear caught the last part of the queen's sentence, and with the quickness of lightning she exclaimed, "Thy death or mine, O queen! then thus," she added, plucking from the belt of Sir Edward Warner, who stood by her side with his hands bound behind him, a dagger, and brandishing it aloft, "thus may his life be spared!"

A cry of "Treason, treason!" pervaded the dungeon, and the guards advanced between Catherine and the queen, whose life she seemed to threaten, but ere they could wrest the dagger from her hand; she had buried it in her own bosom.

"Now, now do I claim thy promise, O

queen!" she said, as she sunk to the earth, while the blood poured in a torrent from her wound. "Catherine Gray can no longer disturb thee—spare the life of the princely Seymour."

"Her last breath was spent on these words—her last gaze was fixed upon the queen—and pressing the hand of her husband, who was permitted to approach her, in her dying grasp, the spirit of Catherine Gray was released from all its sorrows.

"The sacrifice of the unhappy lady's life preserved that for which it had been offered up. The queen, touched with the melancholy termination of her kinswoman's existence, revoked the despotic and illegal order which she had give for the execution of Hertford, but ordered him to be conducted back to his dungeon, where he remained in close custody for a period of more than nine years. The death of Elizabeth at the expiration of that period, released him from his captivity, and then, although he was unable to restore the Lady Catherine to life, he took immediate steps to re-establish her fair fame. In these efforts he was perfectly successful; he proved before the proper tribunals the validity of his marriage, and transmitted his inheritance to his son, who was the issue of that ill-fated union."

It is not without anxiety that we await those further combinations of fact and fiction of which the histories of so many countries are susceptible, and which Mr. Neele has shown himself well qualified to effect. We repeat our commendation of the form which he has chosen; and believe that he will find his account in adhering to the plan of *brief tales*: Sir Walter Scott himself has found that the public are tired of those interminable narratives which rarely sustain the interest to the conclusion, and more frequently weary than repay the reader.

Time's Telescope for 1828; or, a complete Guide to the Almanack: containing an Explanation of Saint's Days and Holidays; Sketches of comparative Chronology and contemporary Biography. Astronomical Occurrences in every Month, comprising Remarks on the Phenomena of the Celestial Bodies, and the Naturalist's Diary. Sherwood and Co.

AFTER fourteen years of the most unqualified praise that heart could desire, a laudatory review of *Time's Telescope* would seem little better than an attempt:—

—“to gild refined gold, to paint the lily
And throw a perfume on the violet—”

Yet laudatory our review must be, notwithstanding; for although we sat down to its inspection in the most sour critical mood imaginable—our unhappy sinciput taking most terrible vengeance upon us for having taken too long a draught of good company the preceding night,—yet have we been unable to find even ‘one poor subject’ whereon to exercise our spleen, and here we are, at least once again forced to acknowledge a peep through the Telescope of ‘the Old Mower’ to the full as entertaining and instructive as ever. Our head-ache is gone, ditto heart ache, in short

Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by—

this Telescope. Our reluctance to take pen

in hand gives place to as furious a ‘cacoethes’ as ever beset a young dramatist upon the first intimation of the success of his first-born.

‘*Time's Telescope*’ is just the sort of volume which we would elect king of our library table. Nobody can surpass us in admiration of the ‘*Annals*,’ emphatically so called,—we mean the *Forget Me Not*, *Bijou*, *Amulet*, *Keepsake*, &c.—yet we must also confess that ‘*toujours perdrix*’ is rather wearying, and besides we are apt to have some slight whisperings of conscience, while submitting to their fascinations, about trifling away a great deal of our valuable time. Now these objections do not apply to *Time's Telescope*. If one page ‘wraps our senses in Elysium’ with some of Felicia (by the way what a *happy* name,) Hemans's poetry, the next leads them back again into the clear atmosphere of knowledge, and pours before us information most valuable, and frequently new; thus converting the before-mentioned ‘grumblings of conscience’ into ‘nods and becks and wreathed smiles’ of approbation. With industry and taste, almost unparalleled, its admirable editor has brought within the focus of his Telescope a ray from every star, remarkable for its beauty or utility in the literary firmament. Here is to be found all, and more than all, the information to be met with in the common almanack, divested of the childish absurdities with which that favourite of gossiping and superstitious old women, Moore, is crammed. Here we learn that *every* day throughout the year is ‘remarkable’ for some reason or other,—the birth or death of some name entitled to the respect or the wonder of posterity,—some fact in natural or moral history, or some improvement in science or in art. It is a little world of instruction, enlivened by extracts, both in prose and poetry, of the most meritorious character imaginable. How the editor contrives to make his book every year like a lovely face so ‘varied still the same’ is not a little puzzling to imagine. It is a task of no small difficulty to collect such a mass of matter for fourteen successive years upon the same subjects without a line of repetition. But it is time to let the book argue for itself, and to that end we quote its ingenious advertisement,—

‘We are not egotists, but *selfism* is now so much the fashion, that we hope we shall stand excused, if for once we follow the multitude, and briefly tell our friends, according to the rule of most prefatory announcements, what are the merits of our volume. Know then, courteous reader, that in *Time's Telescope* for 1828, we promise you a *Bijou* that shall be worthy of reposing in a covering of blue Turkey or green Morocco, whichever you please;—a *Souvenir* that shall remind you of by-gone times, of early loves, and matured friendships;—an *Amulet* that shall charm away care and sorrow from your brow;—a *Pledge of Friendship*, which you may safely present to an admired female, or a promising youth just budding into the bloom of manhood; a *Winter's Wreath*, for your Christmas parlour or your New Year's fête;—a *Forget Me Not*, which shall bloom all the year round;—and a *Keepsake*, worthy of acceptance by all who deserve such a mark of esteem. And, as for pictures—

do not our numerous poetical sketches offer many a glowing scene, which, like that represented in Gray's Plano-Convex Mirror, were it realized on canvass, would make the fortune of the artist who should succeed in fixing the vivid colours of the poet's high imaginations?"

The following extract is one of a vast number of highly amusing sketches of French customs interspersed throughout the volume; we have selected it, not as the most interesting, generally, but because it possesses a peculiar claim to attention in consequence of the season for gift-making being so near at hand:—

'The practice of making New Year's Gifts existed among the Romans; they sent little presents to their friends as arguing happiness throughout the year; they were called *strenæ*, whence their goddess *Strenua*, and the French word *etrennes*. But the joy manifested by the Romans at the renewing of the year degenerated into debauchery, disguisings, and indecent farces, which continued for several days; and these follies were practised throughout the whole Roman empire. The Gauls were consequently infected by their dangerous example, and their proceedings were afterwards so scandalous, that they called forth the censures of the church, which proscribed the customs of the calends of January, as celebrated by indecencies unworthy of Christians;—such is the origin of the Feast of Fools, practised in the churches at the time of the winter solstice.

'The first day of January in France, and in most Catholic countries, is devoted to congratulatory and complimentary visits, the performance of which is considered so indispensable in society, that the omission of them is frequently the cause of great coolness, and even enmity, among friends. On New Year's Day, which is called *le jour d'etrennes*, parents bestow portions on their children, brothers on their sisters, and husbands make presents to their wives. In Paris, carriages may be seen rolling through the streets with cargoes of bonbons, souvenirs, and the variety of etceteras, with which little children and grown-up children are bribed into good humour; and here and there pastry-cooks are to be met with, carrying upon boards enormous temples, pagodas, churches, and play-houses, made of fine flour and sugar, and embellished in the way which makes French pastry so inviting. But there is one street in Paris to which a New Year's Day is a whole year's fortune—this is the Rue des Lombards, where the wholesale confectioners reside. For several days preceding the 1st of January, this street is completely blocked up by carts and waggons laden with cases of sweetmeats for the provinces. These are of every form and description which the most singular fancy can imagine—bunches of carrots, green peas, boots and shoes, lobsters, crabs, hats, books, musical instruments, gridirons, frying pans, and sauce-pans—all made of sugar, and coloured to imitate reality. It would not, perhaps, be an exaggeration to state that the amount expended for presents on New Year's Day in Paris, for sweetmeats alone, exceeds 500,000 francs, or £20,000 sterling. Jewellery is also sold to a very large amount; and the fancy articles exported in the first week of the year to England and other countries, is computed at one-fourth of their sale during the twelve months. In Paris, it is by no means uncommon for a man of 8 or 10,000 francs a-year to make presents on New Year's Day which cost him a fifteenth part of his income. No person able to give, must on this day pay a visit empty-handed. Every

body accepts, and every man gives according to the means which he possesses. Females alone are exempted from the charge of giving.'

The biography of the various months is sometimes original, sometimes extracted from other works.—We quote part of January because as it is not stated to be an extract, we conclude it to belong to the original portion of the work. *En passant*, we would observe that if it be the production of the editor, we are almost inclined to regret that he considered it necessary to resort to other sources than his own pen for the illustration of the year:—

'Dear Nature is the kindest mother still;
Though always changing, in her aspect mild;
From her bare bosom let me take my fill,
Her never-weaned, though not her favoured child.
Oh! she is fairest in her features wild,
Where nothing polished dares pollute her path:
For me, by day or night, she never smiled,
Though I have marked her when none other hath,
And sought her more and more, and loved her best in
wrath.'

CHILDE HAROLD.

'The solar year commences in the very depth of winter, and we open our record of its various aspects under that of its unmitigated severity. We speak now, as we intend to speak, generally. We describe the season, not as it may be in this or another year, but as it is in the average. December may be, we think, very justly styled the gloomiest, January the severest, and February the most cheerless month in the year. In December, the days become shorter and shorter: a dense mass of vapour floats above us, wrapping the world in a constant and depressing gloom, and

'Murky night soon follows hazy noon.

'In January, this mantle of brumal sadness somewhat dissipates, as if a new year had infused new hope and vigour into the earth; light is not only more plentifully diffused, but we soon perceive its longer daily abode with us. In the words of the common adage, however,

'As the day lengthens,
The cold strengthens.'

'This is the month of abundant snows, and all the intensity of frost. Yet winter, even in its severest forms, brings so many scenes and circumstances with it to interest the heart of the lover of nature and of his fellow-creatures, that it never ceases to be a subject of delightful observation; and, monotonous as it is frequently called, the very variety of the weather itself presents an almost endless source of novelty and beauty. There is, first, what is called

'A Great Storm.—Frost, keen, biting frost is in the ground; and in the air a bitter, scythe-edged, perforating wind from the north, or, what is worse, from the north-east, sweeps the descending snow along, whirling it from the open fields, and driving it against whatever opposes its course. People who are obliged to be passing to and fro muffle up their faces, and bow their heads to the blast. There is no loitering, no street-gossiping, no stopping to make recognition of each other; they shuffle along, the most wintery objects of the scene, bearing on their fronts the tokens of the storm. Against every house, rock, or bank, the snow-drift accumulates. It curls over the tops of walls and hedges in fantastic wildness, forming often the most perfect curves, resembling the scrolls of Ionic capitals, and showing beneath them romantic caves and canopies. Hollow lanes, pits, and bogs, now become traps for the unwary traveller, the snow filling them up, and the wind levelling all to one deceitful plain. It is a dismal time for the traversers of the wide

and open heaths, and one of toil and danger to the shepherd in mountainous tracts. There the snows fall in amazing quantities in the course of a few hours; and, driven by the powerful winds of those lofty regions, soon fill up the dells and glens to a vast depth, burying the flocks and houses too, in briefspace, beyond all hope of recovery. In some winters, the sheep of extensive ranges of country, much cattle, and many of the inhabitants, have perished beneath the snow-drifts. Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, one of the most splendid specimens of the peasant-poet, has given, in his *Shepherd's Calendar*, some exceedingly interesting details of such events, in which he was personally concerned.

'The delights of the social hearth on such evenings as these, when the wild winds are howling around our dwellings, dashing the snow, or hail, or splashing rain against our windows, are a favourite theme with poets, essayists, and writers on the seasons, and truly it is an inspiring topic. All our ideas of comfort, of domestic affection, of social and literary enjoyment, are combined in the picture which they draw of the winter's fire-side. When Cowper exclaims, in the well-known passage commencing

'Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,'

who does not feel his heart expand at the thoughts of his own beloved fire-side circle, and follow the poet with kindling sympathy through his ensuing apostrophe to winter, and his picture of evening enjoyment? Such is the

'*British Fire-side*!' and we love to hear our writers speaking of its pleasures in strains of enthusiasm. But we may expand the picture. We may add to the zest of its personal, and almost too selfish enjoyments, touches of generous and philanthropic sentiment, which will signally heighten its pleasures and enlarge its power of improving the heart. How delightful, whilst sitting in the midst of our family or friendly group, in the actual possession of all these pleasures, not only to contemplate our own happiness, but to send our thoughts abroad over the whole land! To think what thousands of families in this noble country are, at the same moment, thus blessedly collected round the social flame. What hearths are lit up with all the charms of kindred affection, of mature wisdom, and parental pride; of youthful gladness, gaiety, and beauty. Here rural halls and city-homes, like stars, are shining in their own spheres, in unabated warmth and splendour, though hid beneath the broad veil of wintry darkness;—the lover's evening visit,—song, wine, the wild tale told to the listening circle,—or the unfolded stores of polite literature, making each a little paradise. Then to turn from the bright side of the picture to the dark one;—to the

'Huts where poor men lie,'

where the elegancies and amenities of life are not casting their glow,

'But frosty winds blow in the drift,
Len to the chimla lug;

upon shivering groups, who have but little fire or clothes to defend them from its bitterness; where no light laugh rings through the room; no song is heard; no romantic tale, or mirthful conversation, circles among smiling faces and happy hearts; but the father,

'Ill satisfied keen nature's clamorous call,
Stretched on his straw, himself lies down to sleep;
While through the rugged roof and chinky wall
Chill o'er his slumbers piles the drift heap.—BURNS.

Where the mother sees not her rosy and laughing children snugly consigned to their warm, soft beds, but contemplates, with a heart dead-

ened by the miseries of to-day, and the fears of to-morrow, a sad, little squalid crew around her, who, instead of pleasures and pastimes, know only wants and evils which oppress both soul and body; where, perhaps, illness has superadded its aggravations to the pains and languors of a poverty, which renders the indulgencies of a sick room the most hopeless of all things. These are the speculations to enhance our fireside pleasures, and to make those pleasures fruitful: linking our sympathies to the joys and sorrows of our kind, and arousing us to a course of active benevolence.' * * *

'In this most fierce and inhospitable of all months, besides those features we have noticed, we are, ever and anon, presented with momentary smiles and isolated instances of vegetable life, which come, as it were, to keep the heart from withering, amidst the despondency of this season of deadness. The helleborus niger, or Christmas rose, expands its handsome, white chalices, undunted by the sharpest frosts, and blooms amidst overwhelming wreaths of snow, long before that poetical and popular favourite the snowdrop dares emerge from its shrouding earth. The rosemary also blooms this month,—a plant alike esteemed and employed by our ancestors in festive and funereal ceremonies. The old chorus with which the boar's head, garnished with rosemary, was introduced, has been rendered familiar to all ears by the pleasant pen of Geoffrey Crayon; and its use, in the decoration of coffins, has derived a melancholy interest from that of H. K. White.'

'In the cheerless months of winter, when our fields are no longer attractive, and present to the eye only the melancholy aspect of decayed nature, the sea-shore offers to the botanist a rich field for contemplation. At all seasons the sea-girt rocks are luxuriantly mantled with sea weeds, and every storm scatters upon the beach some new object of admiration.'

This is a long excerpt, but we are sure our readers will not regret its length.—Of poetry—beautiful poetry, there is an abundance, both original and select. Of the former Delta is a copious contributor. We are sorry that we must confine our extracts to the following pretty little piece, by Mary Howitt:—

'LINES WITH THE AUTUMN CROCUS.

'Thy bower, with vine unshaded,
Stands desolate and lone;
The flowers of spring have faded,
The summer birds are flown.
Thy home—whose claims are stronger
Than time can e'er efface;
Thy garden—thine no longer—
Have lost each look of grace;
For the stranger's foot has gone there, and left
A ruined place.

'The past came o'er my spirit—
Thy kindness, and thy faith;
And must thou grief inherit,
And life's undreamed-of scathe?
Is it thou—the gentlest, fairest,
Like man must nerve thy heart,
And teach him how thou darest
Meet fortune's keenest dart;
Then look on all thou loved from youth, and
patiently depart?

'Twas so; in vain I sought thee
Within my garden bower;
And from the fields I brought thee,
Pale autumn's faithful flower.

Spring flowers, like fortune's lightness,
With calm skies pass away;
But this reveals its brightness
'Mid silence and decay;
Like thy pure steadfast spirit, strong in sorrow's
darkest day.'

PRIVATE ANECDOTES OF FOREIGN COURTS.
(Concluded from p. 693.)

It is impossible to analyse a book of anecdotes; and when such a work comes before us, we abandon criticism for quotation, as it is by extracts alone that we can shew the merits of the book, and the talent of the author. It is not merely essential that the facts related be true and amusing, they must likewise be new, and neither pillaged from newspapers nor pamphlets; for it is not stale histories, but fresh information, that is expected from persons who announce that they have shared the confidence of nobles, princes, and kings.

The illustrious editor of *Private Anecdotes* promises much in her preface: she knows every thing; and from her own account we should be led to expect complete confessions of the foibles of crowned heads, and of the intrigues of their favourites; but all this turns out to be the mountain in labour—plenty of noise, but to little effect. The anecdotes of the court of Russia, the murder of the Emperor Paul, the intrigues of Lady Hamilton at the court of Naples, are all cut out of the newspaper. The adventures of Ferson have been long well known; and what is said respecting the intentions of Louis XVI., at the time of his flight for Varennes, is about as true as the tales of the ass's skin.

The second volume of this work, we have already said, is only a translation of the *Memoirs of M. de Beausset*. The first is an undigested compilation of anecdotes, borrowed from the various writings of the period, consequently no new facts are to be gathered from it, though it exhibits many instructive lessons on the morality of sovereigns, and their love for their people. We may cite as examples the pages which detail the gallantries of Catherine of Russia, and those which we now quote relative to the cruelties perpetrated at Naples by order of Queen Caroline, at the instigation of her favourite, Acton, and her confidante, Lady Hamilton, the mistress of Lord Nelson:—

'Having bestowed a glance upon the authors of this shameless violation of a solemn treaty, we now proceed to say a word or two respecting their most distinguished victims. These were almost all eminent either for talents or virtue; they perished by the hands of the executioner, upon a lofty gallows elevated near the sea-shore. The English vessels were within sight; and from on board one of them the cruel Lady Hamilton contemplated, with complacency, the massacre of a whole crowd of meritorious men, most of whom she had known; for many of whom she had professed friendship; and amongst whom there were several who had celebrated her charms in verse, and had, perhaps, at the same time complimented her for sweetness of disposition and humanity. Poets are allowed much license, but would become intolerable on departing so widely from truth and reality.

'*Manthone*.—This man had been minister of war under the republican government. When the Judge Speziale, interrogating him, asked how he had been engaged in the time of the republic, he answered in the following brief but significant manner—"I have capitulated." To no other question would he vouchsafe the slightest reply. They advised him to make preparations for his defence. "If the capitulation," said this heroic man, "defends me not, I should blush to have recourse to any other means."

'*Cirillo*.—They inquired of this patriot what his profession had been? "A physician," was the reply. "But during the republic?" "A representative of the people." "And, before me, what art thou?" pursued the Speziale, with a leer of triumphant malice. "Before thee?" rejoined Cirillo—"a hero!"

'Cirillo was well known throughout Europe, by his numerous works, as a medical man of high reputation. He was in the enjoyment of a considerable fortune, which he employed nobly for the advancement of science. His superb botanical garden included plants both of the rarest and most useful kinds.

'More than once had he supplied the resources of his art to Lady Hamilton, and even to Nelson himself; and yet he perished. It is true, conditions were proposed to him, but such as appeared to him to be dishonourable. He preferred death.

'Pasquale Baffi was, perhaps, one of the ablest scholars in Europe. He has published a translation, with the original text, from the Greek MSS. of Philodemus, found amongst the ashes of Herculaneum.

'When this man was condemned by the junta, a friend offered him opium. He refused it; but soon proved that his refusal did not proceed from want of courage: like Socrates, he thought that every man upon the earth resembles a soldier upon his post, and that to abandon it wilfully could not but be culpable.

'*Francisco Caracciolo*.—The best marine officer in the service of Naples. To the aggrandisement and wise regulation of the Neapolitan navy his entire soul was directed. Ferdinand esteemed and loved him.

'When the proper officers came to read to Caracciolo the sentence of death, he was seated upon the deck of a ship, explaining to several sailors, who surrounded him, the peculiarities in the construction of an English vessel which lay alongside them. Having received the fatal intelligence, he continued his explanatory discourse without betraying any symptoms of discomposure. They hung him at the yard-arm, and his body was thrown into the sea. Next day the corpse floated close to the flag-ship of Lord Nelson, where it was perceived by the King, who recognised, doubtless with feelings of extreme horror, the remains of his old friend.

'*Francisco Conforti*.—The most skilful jurisconsult in the kingdom. He was the Giannone, the Sarpi of our age; had rendered the most important services to the court of Naples, by combating, in his learned works, against the pretensions of the court of Rome, and in thus regaining for the royal treasury upwards of fifty millions of ducats.

'*Francisco Mario Pagano*.—This unfortunate man made, for the use of the republic which had been established in his native country, a project of a constitution, which has been frequently printed, and merits well to have been, as it was, the object of several critical dissertations.

'Mario Pagano was, a few years only before his death, universally considered one of the most enlightened legislators Naples had ever produced; he cultivated besides both poetry and the dramatic art. Amongst the theatrical pieces composed by him, a tragedy is particularly distinguished, entitled *Corradino*, full of situations the most interesting for a Neapolitan reader or spectator. The plot is taken from a portion of the natural history.

'But his prepossession was always towards politics, and he predicted at an early period, with remarkable correctness, the numerous evils that followed in the train of the French Revolution.

'The second edition of his *Saggi Politici* (Political Essays) appeared during this unhappy period, and made a great sensation in a city where people read but little, and where even meditation is regarded as a fatigue.

'*Ignazio Ciaja*.—A young *littérateur* and poet, whose compositions were replete with sweetness, with grace and philosophy. His humanity was, perhaps, the cause of his fall, and that of his forlorn companion. They might, before they were yet completely blockaded in the fort wherein they sought refuge, have sallied forth, sword in hand, and fled into the Roman states: this was, in fact, the opinion and wish of the majority. Ciaja opposed himself to the execution of this project, resolved, as he said, not to leave without defenders a crowd of women and children who had placed themselves under their protection to escape the fury of the populace.

'*Vincenzo Russo*.—This man exercised, by his eloquence, an almost irresistible influence over the multitude. Arrived at the place of execution, he spoke for a considerable length of time to the people, and produced, as usual, a vivid effect upon their spirits. "Near five months after his death," says M. S. Cuoco, "I have heard officers who assisted at the mournful occasion, repeat word for word, with deep emotion, his last address."

'*Eleanora Fonseca Pimentel*.—In her youth, this woman obtained and merited, by her literary talent, the encomiums of Metastasio. At the epoch of the Revolution, she edited the *Moniteur Napolitain*, a journal throughout which breathed the most ardent love of her country. This was the cause of her death. Before going to execution, she requested and drank a dish of coffee, and then walked to the scaffold not only with courage, but with apparent indifference.

'Several other females besides herself perished, for pardon was accorded neither to sex nor age, and amongst others the unhappy Santa-Felice. This truly respectable woman had never mixed herself up with political affairs; but, happening to obtain intelligence of the conspiracy hatched against the republic by Bacher, she regarded it as her duty to unfold the same to the government. The conspirators had plotted to deliver Naples up to pillage, and conflagration, and massacre; and Santa-Felice could not believe that it would be right to conceal this infamous intention, and guard a secret so fraught with horror. In this disclosure lay the whole extent of her crime against the royal government.

'We cannot follow up this painful but interesting catalogue, which would itself fill a volume. In the provinces, thanks to the zeal of the emissaries of the junta, who traversed them under the name of visitors, the extermination of the patriots was pursued with corresponding ferocity. Upwards of four thousand victims have been held to have perished, selected al-

ways from amongst the most noble, the wisest, and most distinguished of the nation.

'The cries of the unfortunate sufferers still filled the air, when the court, under the auspices of the infamous Lady Hamilton, re-entered Naples in triumphal array. Never was there seen a succession of more brilliant fêtes. The Rev Mr. Eustace, who was at Naples at this epoch, has devoted several pages of his work to the description of the illuminations, balls, and spectacles, which took place upon this solemn occasion. The English were covered with favours and distinctions. The King, it is true, owed to them his crown, in the same way as Naples owed to Lord Nelson the rupture of the capitulation, and to the Queen the massacres commanded by the junta. In fact, it was at Palermo the list was drawn out of those persons who were predestined to condemnation, whatever might be their line of defence.

'But not only did the cries of these unhappy victims fill the air—they ascended to the heavens; and a few years only passed before the merciless royal family were again hurled from their throne, driven into exile, and their heritage placed in the hands of a stranger; and so penetrated were their subjects with horror and detestation at the inhumanity and injustice which had marked their previous return, that they accepted with joy the domination of new masters.'

Do not these excesses, which cannot be too frequently recalled to the memory of the people, in order to inspire them with a hatred of tyranny, surpass the outrages attributed to the French Revolution? do they not justify all associations of citizens against their oppressors? and do they not neutralize the odium which has been attempted to be thrown upon the Carbonari of Naples, respecting whom the work before us contains some tolerably correct particulars:—

'This curious caste, which was originated nearly twenty years ago in the kingdom of Naples, and has since spread not only through the other parts of Italy, but into the adjacent countries, is a species of masonic society; but it is likewise a sect, inasmuch as evangelical doctrines serve amongst its members as a *point d'appui* for the introduction of political opinions and projects. It is from hence its great influence is doubtless derived. Jesus Christ is considered by them as a type, which they view in a way calculated to inspire a particular emotion; namely, as having been the victim of the cruellest tyranny. Hence it comes, also, that every class of people, the *lazzaroni* of Naples, the inhabitants of the country, and even the friars and other priests, constantly joined the Carbonari, and professed themselves to receive the greatest edification at their meetings. To these meetings they gave the name of *Vendite*, a place of merchandise or market. It is the trade in coal which furnishes them with many symbolical terms, as, in the same manner, the art of building gives to freemasons the expressions and formulæ used and practised in their lodges.

'The principal object for which the Carbonari originally associated themselves, purported to be, freeing the country from the wolves wherewith it was infested; by which term they typified all tyrants, or enemies to public liberty. They have sundry technical words and symbols amongst which the cross predominates. When they take the hand of another person, they trace upon the palm with their thumb this holy figure.

'In the assemblies of this singular body, every thing tends to democracy. They profess to adopt, in all their primitive purity, the maxims of the evangelists. The devotees of the sect recount, with infinite satisfaction, the marvellous changes which have been operated by it. In the metropolis, the fiercest *lazzaroni*, in the mountains of Calabria and Abruzzi, the most desperate bandits are stated to have been won over, by initiation into the sect, to acts the most elevated, and humanity the most tender.'

A Practical Greek Grammar. By Professor L. E. PEITHMAN, P. D. A. M., &c. 8vo. pp. 376. London, 1827. Rivington; Longman; Simpkin.

THIS Grammar is in English, on a new and excellent plan, after the manner of the admirable one in German, written by Dr. Krebs, and is well calculated to advance the student in a knowledge of the Greek language; and it is so easy as to be decidedly superior to all others for those individuals who are deprived of the advantage of a regular and experienced teacher. Valpy's Grammar, which we have long admired, is, as Mr. P. justly observes, deficient in exercises for practice, while those of Butmann and Matthiæ are rather suited for proficient than mere beginners. In the composition which we now to introduce to our readers, the inflections, as well as the etymological and syntactical rules, are illustrated by suitable exercises and examples, drawn from the purest sources, while a vocabulary of all the words occurring in the work, with their meaning in English, is added, which must greatly enhance the value of the volume. The work is very complete, and we hope it will meet with the success which it deserves.

Brief Observations upon some of the first Chapters of Genesis. 8vo. pp. 112. London, 1827. Whittaker.

THE principal object of these Observations is declared, in the author's closing sentence, to make it appear 'there have been, and are two distinct seeds upon earth, of totally different and opposite characters,—the seed of the woman and the seed of the serpent; and that the rise and progress of the Mahometan religion is the great manifestation of the latter; a religion of which the downfall is predicted in Scripture, and whose end appears to be now fast approaching.' His doctrine is, indeed, rather of the marvellous, and whether it will obtain any converts remains to be shown. Before he immediately treats of the 'seeds,' to which allusion has just been made, he dwells at some length on the form in which man was created; and, proceeding on the most literal interpretation, he argues that we were made rather 'after God's celestial form, than after the manner of his holy and omnipotent mind.' He thinks that this is more consistent with humility, for 'an image of likeness is a corporeal resemblance of some one that can be seen; but to the human eye a mind or spirit is imperceptible, and an omnipotent mind is beyond our comprehension.' Whether he be right or not in his conclusions, we take not upon us to judge, though we are inclined to adhere rather to that explanation of the passage, 'God made man in his own

image,' which refers towards man's mind and spiritual nature rather than to his body and carnal form. God himself is a spirit, and has no form; and if we cannot comprehend his spiritual nature, yet we know sufficient to be assured that man does in various respects resemble him. But to the 'seeds:' the author of these Brief Observations, proceeding to speak of the fall of man, comes to the words, Gen. 3, 15, 'I will put enmity between thy seed and her seed;' and 'as the woman's seed, we know, is corporeal,' he asserts 'the other must be the same;' and he then goes only to show with how little difficulty we may apprehend 'the incarnation of a spirit different from our own,' just as tares may spring up in a field among wheat. This incarnation, he supposes, took place in Cain, and afterwards in Ishmael and Esau, and thus was there ever on the earth the two seeds opposing each other. It is not our purpose to follow the author through all his ramblings: the very mention of the theory is sufficient to show its absurdity to the plainest reader of the Bible; and all we have to add is, that we are very sorry he has employed his time and money to no better purpose.

Snatches from Oblivion, being the Remains of the late Herbert Trevelyan, Esq. Edited by PIERS SHAFTON, Gent. London, 1827. Hurst, Chance, and Co.

THE trifles of which this volume consists, having, in the first instance, appeared in some periodical publication, and subsequently been collected, and entitled *Vagaries in Quest of the Wild and the Whimsical*, which work we noticed at some length in the course of our last volume, we have now only to state that in their present form the *Snatches from Oblivion* possess the advantage of some five or six spirited plates, which very agreeably illustrate several of the best articles.

Cupid's Album: being a choice Collection of elegant Compliments and brilliant Jeux-Desprit, in Poetry and Prose. Addressed to the Fair Sex, by Poets and Wits of all Ages. London. Sherwood and Co.

It is not because 'a garland is woven to adorn the shrine of beauty,' that it should be exempted from criticism; on the contrary, we feel it peculiarly our duty to examine the pretensions of such works as particularly aspire to the honour of female patronage. In this little volume we find much to approve, especially with regard to the prose, which exhibits considerable taste and research; some of the poetical tributes of gallantry, we could have wished omitted,—among both will be found many old acquaintances, and a few having no claim to insertion in *Cupid's Album*. This title, by the way, is by no means well chosen, and would lead to the impression that the work has not the literary pretensions which it in reality possesses. At the hundred and first page we find a stanza from Childe Harold, on the *beau ideal* of love, contrasted with the opinion of Dr. Johnson on the same subject; and about half a dozen pages farther on, this identical stanza is re-printed with the simple heading of 'Love not of this Earth,'—in neither case is the great poet correctly

quoted. Despite these venial faults, the collection will form an appropriate offering from the admirers of beauty to its possessors.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

Histoire de Napoleon, Par M. DE NORVINS. Liv. 1; tom. 1; Paris, 1827. Dupon. Londres, Rolandi.

History of Napoleon. By M. DE NORVINS.* THE outraged shade of Napoleon, and the calumnies which pursued him beyond the grave, the good effects of the revolution decried, the dignity of history degraded by disguise and impudent falsehoods,—all these call aloud for vengeance on the historical romance, recently published by the author of *Waverley*. This work of Sir Walter Scott, is now justly appreciated; it has obtained nothing more than cool contempt in England, and the indulgent commentator on English hospitality, that writer, who has pleaded so copiously the cause of Maitland, and of Hudson Lowe, who almost shouted with joy at the agonies and ignominious treatment of the captive of St. Helena, has not even obtained the favour of the people whom he attempts to justify from the most unjustifiable and horrible charge with which a nation was ever accused; yet his high name sanctions his imposture, and by some they are still believed. The *History of Napoleon*, by Sir Walter Scott, has aroused that curiosity which is attached to all his writings; the refutation of such a work is therefore necessary; but the best refutation of the libel is the impartial *History* now before us; it is the faithful picture of a life, fruitful in great events. France has shared in the glory of Napoleon, and as the epoch of his death recedes from us, the more necessary is that justification which M. De Norvins pledges himself to convey to after ages. The first part of the *Histoire de Napoleon* contains an outline of the revolution in France, and of its influence upon Bonaparte in his youth; it also represents the almost dramatic prelude to his military career, when, within the gloomy walls of a college, he was already an infant sovereign and transformed into a throne the obscure form on which he pursued his scholastic studies. M. de Norvins initiates the reader into the secrets of the future greatness of Napoleon, by explaining ingeniously the habits of his infancy. Nothing can be more interesting than his description of him when at Brienne, constructing fortifications with snow, performing at the same time the task of an engineer, and of a general; directing in turn, the attack and the defence, and hailed on this singular field of battle, by the name of Scipio and Hannibal. On leaving his college, he entered into the first revolutionary scenes which took place in France, and in which he soon occupied a distinguished rank. He found himself before the walls of Toulon—took possession of it in the name of Victory; and thus the conqueror of Italy was first brought into notice. The first livraison of the work ends at this period, and promises a sequel of the most interesting events. M. de Norvins is a writer of great

* This review was written for *Le Courrier Français*, but was rejected by the censorship.

talent; brilliant and energetic in his descriptions, he possesses also, in an eminent degree, another quality which cannot be too highly appreciated, and that is—impartiality; for the greatest defect in a work of this nature is an enthusiastic deviation from truth.

The new *History of Napoleon* cannot, therefore, fail of success with the public, and the editors of this publication have neglected nothing that can ensure that desirable end. The first number from the press of M. Pinard, is ornamented with a fine engraving, containing a striking resemblance of Napoleon, and representing a scene at the college of Brienne, as also a plan of the siege of Toulon. This work is published in numbers, one of which is to appear every ten days, and all will be ornamented with engravings and plans. Every fourth number will form one volume, and four octavo volumes will complete the history.

ORIGINAL.

MEMORY.

MEMORY! that word strikes with a grating jar Upon my brain; it hath a sound that wakes Thoughts only fit to perish; hopes decayed, Which make a mournful rustling when disturbed,

And come as witheringly upon the mind As blighted leaves, shook by the wintry breeze From off their resting place: it is a weight That sinks with heavy plunge into the heart, Rippling the startled blood which there lies still, Exhausted by its sufferings to a calm,— Ev'n as, when all seems hushed, a wave, aroused By something that lies wrecked beneath it, flows With a sad murmur to the lone sea-shore!

Of all the griefs that least are to be borne, Is the disunion of affection's tie, Wrought by the change of feeling; to observe Pass by us, with averted look, a form Which once we would have died for; to behold Those eyes, that used to beam on us so fondly, Now turning all their smiles upon another; To view the being whom we thought so pure, Seducing like a basilisk—yet looking Happy and cheerful as the innocent Alone can be—is madness: it is this By which, alas! too often in the world, Young minds are shipwreck'd and young hearts destroyed;

For while remembrance has the power to curse, (And to the sensitive 'twill cling for ever,) The sky of hope will always wear a shade!

SFORZA.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—An advocate in the cause of humanity seldom requires an apology for addressing a man of letters, for rarely do we see literary talent, or a genius for the fine arts, accompany an insensibility to the misery of others. Interested as I have been by the remarks on Spanish and Italian literature, which have lately appeared in your review, ('for I too am a painter,' and find in literary pursuits an alleviation of many sorrows,) I cannot but wish that to sketches so amusing, might be added an appeal to your readers in favour of the unfortunate refugees from these interesting countries, who have sought shelter in Great Britain, and whose dreadful state of distress still requires the aid of

our national benevolence; the good character of the unhappy exiles, I understand, has been supported through scenes of horrible privation, and doubly recommends them to pity and regard. Of the Spanish refugees, more seems to be known than of the Italian, but the public impression with respect to both, appears to be that they consist in general of people of education, and in the rank of gentlemen, some of whom have fought by the side of our own brave troops. I am one of those persons whose anxious desire to relieve the wretched, greatly exceeds my power of doing so, and whose resources *within*, are much greater than my possessions of a *more tangible nature*, yet prudence in my own expenses enables me to afford a small assistance towards repelling the horrors of want from the destitute, and I had the satisfaction of being one of the first who sent money for the relief of some of the above-mentioned most unfortunate people, induced by the heart-rending circumstances which were made public concerning two Spanish individuals, sick and in a deplorable state of destitution, in London, in the winter of 1824; and the little I could spare was happily followed immediately by donations from others; and to the subscription for the general body of these distressed foreigners, I have given more than once my small contribution most readily. If the dictates of your judgment should so far coincide with the feelings of your heart, it may induce you, perhaps, to add to your remarks on Spanish and Italian literature, a memoir elucidating the former and the present state of the refugees, and the number still without resource, except from the hand of charity; accompanied with an intimation, that any subscriptions sent to your office, would be noticed in your journal, and transmitted to the committee who distribute relief to the Spanish and Italian refugees, and whose funds I fear are now very low. I know not whether such an arrangement could involve you in any expense or inconvenience, but if neither would attend it, and you proposed a literary subscription for the distressed natives of countries, whose literature has lately afforded so much interesting investigation to your readers, the little assistance I can afford to give, shall be conveyed to you as soon as the arrangement is made: a spark struck from *The Literary Chronicle*, may kindle an emulation in contemporary periodicals; many small sums might be contributed by people of cultivated minds, though narrow incomes, and the smallest aid would no doubt be gratefully received, and thus the horrors of shelterless poverty and want, of cold and hunger, be averted from numerous individuals whose former state must add additional poignancy to their present destitute condition. If you think this simple letter would serve the cause of benevolence, I shall feel honoured by your giving it a place in your pages.

I am, Sir, your sincere friend,

A RECLUSE.

[We derive great pleasure from the commendations of so amiable and intelligent a mind as that of 'the Recluse,' though the personal nature of the praise compels us to

suppress it. With respect to the object of the benevolent writer, we can only state, that any well authenticated accounts of the condition of these interesting and unfortunate exiles, will be instantly inserted; and that all subscriptions transmitted to the office of *The Literary Chronicle*, under cover to the Editor, shall be disposed of as our correspondent recommends.]

THE OCEAN SPIRIT.

I'm the spirit of Ocean! beneath the tide
In a coral cave I dwell;
And oft on the murmuring ripple I ride,
In the wreathes of the nautilus' shell;
And when the tempest lashes the wave,
Up—up I start from my sparkling cave,
And glide o'er the billows away—away,
And shout for joy in the thundering spray.
Beneath the wave we've glittering sands,
And forests of deathless green;
And morn and eve the joyous bands
Of water-elfs are seen.
Our locks with ocean-flowers we bind,
And we dance to the murmur of wave and wind,
Or we spread on the moon-lit sea our sail,
And drift along with the summer gale.
Sometimes we sport on the dolphin's back,
And we ride him through the deeps;
Sometimes we follow the proud ship's track,
As her glorious course she keeps;
Or we sit on the point of the jagged rock,
And watch how she strikes with a thundering
 shock,
And we shudder to hear the sailor's cry,
As he shrieks in his drowning agony.
A tyrant was sailing—we sunk his ship;
Go look at that tyrant now;
The muscle is fixed on his scornful lip,
And the sea-snail's slime on his brow!
The waves ran high—we rejoiced to see
How the wealth of injustice was spread o'er the
 sea;
Bale after bale was dragged from the hold,
And the billows were mantled in silk and gold!
But the brave, who fall in a glorious fight,
Fought in a glorious cause,—
For freedom and their country's right,
Her worship and her laws,—
We welcome them home to our coral bowers,
We greet them with glory, we crown them with
 flowers;
They shake off the thrall of their mortal chain,
And they live for ever the kings of the main.

THE DEAD LANGUAGES.

'TELL me your history at once,—I love stories, but hate reasoning,' cried Dr. Goldsmith, to the supposed Mrs. Quickly, during his reverie at the Boar's Head, in Eastcheap; but the talkative landlady disregarded his mandate, and by indulging, as elderly ladies are wont to do, in a vast deal of irrelevant matter, had well nigh put the doctor in a furious rage, though, generally speaking, a mild temperate man. Willing to profit by such an example, I shall at least avoid giving similar offence, by entering forthwith upon the little recital to which I purpose dedicating an idle hour or two in one of the silent recesses of Penhurst Gill*,—

* On the borders of Ashburnham Park, Sussex.

—recubans sub tegmine fagi.

In my youth, I was unhappily afflicted with a settled inflammation in my eyes; one of the direst calamities that could have be-

fallen me, particularly at that time of life, as it necessarily precluded me, in a great measure, from the enjoyment of those delightful pastimes, which constitute the great charm of boyhood. My good father consulted many of the most eminent oculists of their day on the subject of my complaint, and after undergoing a protracted course of physicing, bleeding, and abstinence bordering on starvation, to say nothing of the sums expended in fees, I had the mortification to find myself in little or no better condition than before. I was now growing a great fellow, and this unfortunate malady had already interfered so grievously with my education, that it was deemed prudent, under any circumstances, to send me immediately to school. I was, therefore, committed to the care of a certain pedagogue, living a few miles from town,—a man of great worth and some learning. He presently furnished me with a grammar, grammar, and every other material requisite for the acquirement of the 'tongues,' but I had barely commenced my exercises, when my sight became considerably worse, and I found it impossible to proceed. This important branch of my education was, therefore, wholly suspended for a time; indeed, there seemed so little chance of my being able to resume it with any effect, that I was recommended to confine myself almost entirely to the study of arithmetic and English composition, which I did, as long as I remained under the guidance of a tutor. I had always felt an ardent desire to make myself master of a little classical lore, and it distressed me extremely to see that many of my junior school-fellows were familiar with Ovid and Terence, while I could scarcely decline a noun or conjugate a verb: still I promised myself, that if I should ever recover the free use of my vision, I would, by some means, contrive to overtake them, a promise which I have never till lately had it in my power to fulfil. But, thanks to the more enlightened practice of modern professors, my eye-sight was perfectly restored to me some years after, and such has been my patience and assiduity since, that I hope I may now venture, without exposing myself to the charge of arrogance, to assert that there are worse *classics* than myself. The reader must not imagine, however, that it was the pure love of letters alone, or the ambition of excelling others, that enabled me to accomplish my purpose. These considerations had their weight, it is true; but still some additional stimulus was wanting. I had begun to vacillate in my ideas upon the subject, and to doubt whether there really was any thing in the knowledge of the dead languages, which could give one person so decided an advantage over another,—whether I should ever be compensated for all the time and midnight oil I might consume in obtaining that knowledge,—whether it could possibly lead to any practical or substantial good when obtained,—and finally, whether I might not even be happier and better off without it? It is necessary here to observe, that on my removal from school, my father had placed me in the office of an attorney in the city,—a gentleman in very extensive practice and about as *erudite* as myself. I had

not long been here, before something befel me in the performance of a professional duty, which speedily and effectually dissipated from my mind those idle doubts which I had suffered to perplex me. The circumstance I allude to, is not altogether without its moral, and I will therefore proceed to relate it.

I had received orders, in my official capacity, to wait on a certain widow residing in the neighbourhood of Dorking, the sole object of my journey being to procure and witness her signature to a deed I was to carry with me. Now as the days were long, the weather fine, and my task so simple, I resolved to depart betimes in the morning and make a holiday of it: accordingly I mounted the roof of a coach and set out *impransus*, soon after day-break, in company with several strangers, whose cheerful conversation wiled away the time apace, and I presently found myself at the entrance of a beautiful vista formed by lofty firs, at the farther extremity of which stood, as I ascertained from my fellow travellers, the mansion I was in quest of. I marvelled much at the grandeur of the edifice, and said, in my own mind, my client must needs be a wealthy woman. Having proceeded down this delightful avenue, amidst the warbling of thrushes and the cawing of rooks, and arrived at the outer gate, I gently rang the bell, which was promptly answered by a man-servant who ushered me into the presence of the widow, when I discovered, for the first time, with a mixture of surprise and disappointment, that she was nothing better than the housekeeper,—a fat vulgar personage of fifty, and in every respect the reverse of what I had expected to find her. She received me in the kitchen, and having occasion, at the same moment, to attend her master in another part of the house, I was bluntly desired to sit down, and wait till she returned. This, I confess, appeared to me to be somewhat derogatory to my professional consequence, and I was half inclined to show my resentment; but, mustering what little philosophy I possessed, I thanked her for her civility, and crept into an obscure corner near the chimney place. I had no sooner taken my station, than I heard a shrill voice exclaiming, in the passage, 'where is he, I say, where is he?' and, at the conclusion of these words, in bounced a little old gentleman of threescore, who, after making a thousand apologies for the unpardonable remissness of his servants, in suffering me to remain in the kitchen, begged I would adjourn to the parlour, and take my breakfast with him, a proposition to which I willingly acceded. Having quitted my *snug* retreat, I followed him in; and much as I was delighted with the splendour of the apartment itself, and the costly manner in which it was furnished, I must own I was infinitely more so with the good things provided for our repast, so much had my appetite, which was never bad, been sharpened by my early ride. After a little preliminary conversation on the agreeable state of the weather, we sat down opposite to each other, and began; but, alas! I had not proceeded far in the dismemberment of a cold pullet that was set before me, when a most ill-timed and unex-

pected interruption, on the part of my less jejune companion, put a stop to my operations. He addressed me in the following words: 'You see, my dear sir, that although I am living here on my own paternal estate, and enjoy as many personal comforts as a reasonable man can well desire, still I am not perfectly content. There is one thing wanting to complete my happiness, and that is, the society of a friend whose taste and inclinations correspond in some degree with my own.' I was at a loss to comprehend the drift of this observation, but he continued:—'Now, sir, as it is possible you may have no engagement of so pressing a nature, as to urge your immediate return to town, allow me to ask of you, as a favour, or rather a charity, to stay and dine with me to-day; your company, I assure you, will be most acceptable to me, and you can take your departure to-morrow morning. The London coaches are passing and repassing every hour in the day. Come, sir, I hope you will not deny me?' Well, as I really had nothing at all important to hurry me back, I soon yielded to the warmth of his hospitality, and, to say the truth, felt not a little pleased with the excellence of my quarters, and the singular kindness of my host. But, animated as I was by the cravings of a *Kerneguy*, I had again taken up arms, fully prepared to annihilate my victim outright, when he again balked my intention, by remarking that he had a variety of old records in his study, but that, as they were written in Latin, and he had so imperfect a recollection of that ancient language, he found it no easy matter to understand them; however, added he, 'as you are not only studying the law, but have more recently felt the influence of the ferule, I need not ask if you could assist me?' I was a little confounded, but avoided giving a direct answer, simply observing, that the old law text was perplexing to those who were not quite familiar with it, and that he probably found it more difficult to read than comprehend. 'Not at all,' said he; 'I can read it fluently enough, but such is my want of memory, that I am frequently at a loss for the meaning of the commonest words: but excuse me for an instant, I will fetch the writings I allude to, that we may con them over together; whereupon he left me to my meditations.

'In all my pastime and adventures,
I ne'er was set so on the tenters.'

HUDIBRAS.

During the absence of my newly-formed acquaintance, upon whose extraordinary civility towards me I now began to reflect with some degree of suspicion, my feelings, as the reader may conceive, were far from enviable. I was betrayed into a dilemma, from which I saw scarcely a possibility of extricating myself; for, although I had made no boast of superior attainments, still I had suffered the opportunity of confessing my total ignorance of classical literature to pass, never dreaming that the discussion would assume so serious a complexion. It now struck me that I might, in all probability, have a very excellent scholar to cope with, and feeling so utterly unprepared for the contest, I began to consider

what course I ought, under the circumstances, to pursue; but I was too much flurried to think. Nature, however, suggested to my timid mind, the policy of making my escape. The document I brought with me had already received the signature of the housekeeper, and I confess with shame, that I was actually about to sneak off, *ex abrupto*, when my taskmaster suddenly re-appeared, loaded with parchments, and my contemplated flight was no longer practicable. 'Sir,' said he, opening one of them, 'you will find that these old manuscripts contain much curious information; but, as I before observed, they are written chiefly in Latin, and my memory is so exceedingly frail, that I forget the import of some of the simplest words, and the perusal of them, which would otherwise be a source of amusement, is thus rendered somewhat irksome to me. For example, were you to ask me what is Latin for *garden*, absurd as it may seem, I doubt, positively, whether I should be able to tell you.' Here I intimated to him that he was translating the wrong way—not Latin into English, but English into Latin. 'That,' said he, 'is quite immaterial: I was merely observing, that I had forgotten this particular word, among others, to prove the weakness of my memory.' I still answered evasively, and made an effort to change the subject, but in vain, for not choosing to be denied, he now asked me, point blank, what it was. How could I act in such a predicament? There was no time for reflection; it was impossible to blink the question any longer; in short, my case was desperate. Should I throw myself on his mercy, by confessing my ignorance at once, or hazard a random shot? It was absolutely necessary to do one or the other. I preferred the latter alternative, in spite of the consequences; and screwing up my courage a little, I told him, that if I remembered rightly, it was *gardensis*. The man seemed perfectly staggered; a dead pause ensued; I saw too plainly that I had committed myself, and I feared very grossly; but, happily for me, I had no means, at the moment, of ascertaining the extent of my error. Assuming a sarcastic smile, and folding up his execrable parchments, my persecutor told me, that although he was not prepared to say what the word really was, he did not think it was *gardensis*. I felt a blush tingling on my cheek, and in my embarrassment, I rose involuntarily from my chair. The engagement made between us now appeared to be mutually dissolved, as if by magic, and having got my hat, and made other preparations to depart, the old gentleman received my congée with a look I shall never forget, coolly observing, that if I should find any difficulty in procuring a conveyance home, he hoped I would return to his house, well remembering, no doubt, what he had before said about the constant passing and repassing of the London coaches. Be that as it may, I was fortunate in this respect, for soon after I got into the high road, I was picked up by one of the city stages, which quickly trundled me back to Gracechurch Street, the point from which I started, and I had no sooner set foot to the ground, than

I bounded away to the nearest library, seized upon Ainsworth's Dictionary, and turning with nervous anxiety to the word *garden*, I found, to my unutterable confusion, that it was not *gardensis*, indeed, nor any thing like it: need I add, that it was *hortus*! H. I. 2.

LAMENT OF PERICLES*.

[Pericles, who felt proud to boast of having lost his nearest relations without betraying any outward signs of grief, yielded at length to its impulse, when custom required him to crown his dead son (the last of his race) with a wreath of flowers.]

My son, my son, and must I twine
These flowers around thy brow?
Oh, fate, thou dost a task assign,
Of mournful import now;
He, who was proud a tearless eye
In every ill to keep,
Had rarely given to grief a sigh—
Is doom'd at length to weep.
I've seen the friends of early years,
Through fell disease, grow pale;
I've mark'd around me other's tears
Tell death's unwelcome tale;
These have I steel'd my warrior heart
To meet unbent, unbroke,
And deem'd it mark'd a Grecian's part
To bear affliction's yoke.
Alas! my son, of by-gone bliss
Each flower tells far too much;
That once allur'd thy infant kiss,
And this thy fairy touch;
Ah, then I hoped my boy would weave
The funeral wreath for me,
And little deem'd a day like this
I e'er should live to see.
Oh, thou the last of a lov'd race,
Which woke a father's fears,
In giving thee this sad embrace,
I feel the griefs of years;
Ah, where is now the boasted pride
My heart was wont to shrine?
It fled, when thou, my best hope, died,
And shall no more be mine. E. B.

NEW MUSIC.

Le Bouquet; a Divertissement. By J. CALKIN. S. Chappell.

WE feel much pleasure in recommending the Bouquet to the notice of our musical friends; it is formed of three very pretty flowers, if we may be allowed the expression, well arranged and well calculated to please and improve the juvenile student.

Youth and Age. The Words and Air by W. BALL, Esq. Arranged by MOSCHELLES. Chappell.

WE may safely predict the popularity of Youth and Age; every phrase is flowing and familiar, without being hacknied. The sequence on 'good bye,' in the second verse, has a happy effect.

Woman's Love; a Song. By C. EGAN. Fentum.

THIS is a charming little song; simple in its construction, and unpretending in its arrangement.

Oh dear to Me! a Favourite Air. Sung by Miss PATON, and also by Miss GEORGE. Composed by S. NELSON. Chappell.

THE andante of this composition we like much; it is full of elegant taste. The second

* Vide Rollin's Ancient History.

part is a brilliant and spirited allegretto. We may add, that the whole bears evidence that Mr. N. has studied the best works of the best masters to some purpose.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—A new comedy, with very little plot, but not destitute of incident, ascribed to Kenny, entitled *Forget and Forgive*, was played, for the first time, on Wednesday evening. Mr. Liston, as Rumbold, is the principal character in the piece, and supported it, of course, admirably. Mrs. Orger, as a French waiting-maid, also particularly distinguished herself; her pronunciation, vivacity, and adroitness, merited the warm applauses so liberally and deservedly awarded to her. Mr. Cooper, Mr. Wallack, Miss E. Tree, and Mrs. Davison, also contributed to uphold this comedy, which occasionally flagged, but, on the whole, must be pronounced successful. It would be impossible to detail the plot, so as to afford general interest, and its success is ascribable rather to its detached spirited scenes than to its intrinsic merit as a whole; Holcroft, in 1794, produced a comedy, called *Love's Frailties*, from which this piece is principally compiled. Liston, the every thing of such a drama, announced it for repetition with very general approbation.

A slight new piece, styled a serio military pantomime, *The Guerilla Chief*, was also produced at this theatre on Monday evening, in which a Mrs. Barrymore made her debut; the applause of the admirers of this lady was occasionally assigned to the merits of the drama, which, however, has very little to recommend it to public favour.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—On Monday night a new burletta was presented, called *Nelson, or the Life of a Sailor*. Purity of language is scarcely to be expected in pieces of this class, or at minor theatres, but it is creditable to the management of this tasteful little house, (though in this instance the nicest critical examination is not called for) that well-merited praise may be bestowed upon the author. The scenery, too, is of no ordinary description, and the views in general are highly wrought both by the painter and machinist. The talents of Messrs. Terry and Yates were also effectively called into action, and the piece met with a very favourable reception.

VARIETIES.

An Admonitory Hint to Card players.—There are many persons who, though they would not for the world be thought gamblers, imagine that there cannot be the least harm in playing for petty sums. What then will these sober, prudent people think of the following remarks by Mr. Craystall Croftangry, the chronicler of Cannongate, on their innocent amusement; or how will they relish them? Speaking of his former acquaintance, he says, 'some stick to cards, and though no longer deep gamblers, rather played small game than sat out. This I particularly despised. The strong impulse of gaming, alas! I had felt in my time—it is as intense as it is criminal; but it produces excitation and interest, and I can conceive how it should become a passion with strong and pow-

erful minds. But to dribble away life in exchanging bits of painted pasteboard round a green table for the fiddling concern of a few shillings, can only be excused in folly, or superannuation. It is like riding on a rocking horse, when your utmost exertion never carries you a foot forward; it is a kind of mental tread-mill, where you are perpetually climbing, but can never rise an inch.' All the tabbies in the kingdom will fling down their cards when they hear this—but it will be only to abuse the author of *Waverley*. Cruel Sir Walter! in what an embarrassing dilemma have you placed the votaries of Hoyle: deep play is exciting, but criminal; and economical play safe, but—contemptible,—pardonable only in folly, or superannuation!

Remarkable Shrub.—A shrub has been discovered in our new Indian countries, from whose stem, when divided, there issues a copious vegetable spring of limpid and wholesome water. It is a powerful climber, and is quite new and nondescript.—*Letter from India.*

Fortune and Genius.—'The features of fortune are so like those of genius as to be mistaken by almost all the world.' Perhaps there is no truth more self-evident than the above; and to few individuals does it apply more forcibly than to those who, 'seeking the bubble reputation in the cannon's mouth,' have found less by skill than accident, and because favourites of Fortune, are extolled as men of genius.

Blindness.—It is stated that Mr. Richmond, an army surgeon in India, has, within eight months, by surgical operations, restored to sight nearly 800 blind persons. 'Taking,' says Mr. R., 'the population of British India at 60,000,000, (and this, I believe, is much below the usual computations,) and supposing that blindness generally prevails in the same proportion as I have found it to exist in the course of my practice, there are at this moment 246,000 people with cataract who are capable of being restored to sight by an operation as simple as that of blood-letting, and 270,000 with other diseases in the eye, who are also fit objects either for cure or for relief.'

Dean Swift's Gallantry.—An accomplished and beautiful lady, newly married, being once in company with Swift, spoke of her husband in very high terms, and, as the dean thought, gave him more praise than his due; he, however, let it pass; but on meeting her a second time, and finding her disposed to renew the subject, he changed it to another by this elegantly turned compliment:—

'You always are making a god of your spouse, But this, neither reason nor conscience allows; Perhaps you will say, 'tis to gratitude due, And you adore him, because he adores you? Your argument's weak, and so you will find; For you, by this rule, must adore all mankind.'

Loss of a Portion of the Windpipe without Loss of Voice.—M. Cioquet, at a late meeting of the Royal Academy of Medicine, presented a hair dresser who had cut his throat with a razor. The wound was transverse, and had divided the windpipe in such a manner, that two of the rings were entirely detached at their anterior part, and were only retained behind by a portion of cellular membrane. They were removed; the lips of the wound brought together by suture and bandage, and cicatrization took place without any fistula, although there was loss of substance, and the wound admitted the finger even when the head was bent. The voice was lost in the first instance but afterwards returned, although it remained hoarse. Similar cases are mentioned by Larrey.—*London Medical and Physical Journal.*

Love Tokens.—It was the custom in England, in 'olden tyme,' as the ancient chronicles have it, for 'enamoured maydes and gentelwo-men,' to give to their favourite swains, as tokens of their love, little handkerchiefs, about three or four inches square, wrought round about, often in embroidery, with a button or tassel at each corner, and a little one in the centre. The finest of these favours were edged with narrow gold lace or twist; and then, being folded up in four cross folds, so that the middle might be seen, they were worn, by the accepted lovers, at the breast, or in their hats. These favours, at last, became so much in vogue, that they were sold in the shops, ready made, in Elizabeth's time, from sixpence to sixteen-pence a-piece. Tokens were also given by the gentlemen, and accepted by their fair mistresses, thus described in an old comedy of the time:—

'Given ear-rings we will wear,
Bracelets of our lovers' hair;
Which they on our arms shall twist
(With our names carv'd) on our wrist.'

Sea Couch.—Mr S. Pratt, of New Bond Street, has brought forward an ingenious invention, in the construction of an elastic or swinging seat, couch, or bed, by which the uneasy motions of a ship or carriage may be prevented. Mr. Newton, the editor of the London Journal of Arts, has tried it in a voyage across the Channel, and in a journey, in a jolting diligence, to Paris, and found it to answer.

Magnetism of the Earth.—The talented professor, Hansteen, contemplates a tour through Silesia, with the intention of making observations on this subject.

The pulling down of Kew Palace is now rapidly proceeding. Very soon there will not be one brick or stone above another of that palace, the building of which cost £500,000. The annual cost of keeping Kew Palace weather-proof, &c. is mentioned to have been never less than £500. It was found that the 'dry rot' had taken possession, in addition to the extended progress of general decay.

Curious Compliment to the Fair Sex.—The following curious compliment to the fair sex is to be found in an old play, entitled *Cupid's Whirligig*:—'Who would abuse your sex that knew it? O woman! were we not born of you? Should we not, then, honour you? Nursed by you, and not regard you? Made for you, and not seek you? And since we were made before you, should we not love and admire you, as the last and most perfect work of Nature? Man was made when Nature was but an apprentice, but woman when she was a skilful mistress of her art. By your love we live in double breath, even in our offspring after death. Are not all vices masculine, and virtues feminine? Are not the muses the loves of the learned? Do not all noble spirits follow the graces, because they are women? Was not the princess and foundress of all good arts, Minerva, born of the brain of the highest Jove, a woman? Has not woman the face of love, the tongue of persuasion, and the body of delight? O, divine, perfectioned woman! If it be of thy sex, so excellent, what is it, then, to be a woman enriched by nature, made excellent by education, noble by birth, chaste by virtue, adorned by beauty! A fair woman, which is the ornament of heaven, the grace of earth, the joy of life, and the delight of all sense;—even the very summum bonum of man's existence.'—*Cupid's Album*.

John Sale, Esq.—We have to record the demise of this gentleman, whose great professional skill secured him so high a character in the musical world. His reputation is principally upheld by his glees, in the composition of which he excelled the majority of his contemporaries. He died on the 11th instant, in the 69th year of his age, and was buried on Monday last, in the vault under St. Paul's Cathedral.

Leeches.—A French surgeon has invented a mechanical instrument to serve as a substitute for leeches. The advantage consists in withdrawing only the precise quantity of blood that may be required, and in occasioning no inflammation. It is considered that in every climate, and under all circumstances, this small machine will be equally efficacious.

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

'To the Greeks on the Victory of Navarino' is somewhat deficient in spirit; nevertheless it possesses several stanzas which induce us to augur favourably of the author's future efforts.

We shall be always happy to hear from 'Sforza.'—'Consumption' is intended for our next.

In compliance with the 'request' of Mr. 'Peter Wilkins,' we have perused his MS., and now beg to inform him that the narrative, though, perhaps, good matter of fact, is by no means so amusing as the adventures of his Cornish namesake.

It is strange that a publisher should complain of our criticism, yet quote it for his own advantage—there is something of a *Bull* in this.

F. S. cannot turn his time to worse account than in attempting poetry.

UNIVERSITY NOTICES, &c.

Dr. Sumner (Bishop of Llandaff) is promoted to the see of Winchester.

LONDON UNIVERSITY.—The Rev. J. Williams, M.A., late of Balliol Coll., Oxford, vicar of Llampeter, and now rector of the Edinburgh Academy, has been elected to the Professorship of the Roman Language and Literature; and Edward Turner, M.D., of Kingston, Jamaica, F.R.S.E., fellow of the Royal College of Physicians of Edinburgh, to the Professorship of Chemistry.

OXFORD, Nov. 17.—In a Convocation holden on the 9th instant, it was unanimously agreed to accept a bequest made to the University by the late Lieutenant-Colonel Boden, of the Hon. East India Company's Service. The following is an extract from the colonel's will, dated August 15, 1811:—'I do hereby give and bequeath all and singular my said residuary estate and effects, with the accumulations thereof, if any, and the stocks, funds, and securities whereon the same shall have been laid out and invested, unto the University of Oxford, to be by that body appropriated in and towards the erection and endowment of a Professorship in the Shanskrete language, at or in any or either of the colleges of the said university, being of opinion that a more general and critical knowledge of that language will be a means of enabling my countrymen to proceed in the conversion of the natives of India to the Christian religion, by disseminating a knowledge of the sacred Scriptures amongst them more effectually than all other means whatsoever.'

At the same time the Rev. Arthur Johnson, M.A., fellow of Wadham College, was unanimously elected professor of Anglo-Saxon, on Dr. Rawlinson's foundation, in the room of the Rev. C. Ridley, M.A., he having held it five years, the time limited by the will of the founder.

CAMBRIDGE.—The Rev. M. Davy, D.D., master of Caius, to be Vice-Chancellor for the ensuing year.

Subject of the next Norrissian Prize Essay:—The nature and use of Parables as employed by Christ.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	Thermometer.			Barom.		State of the Weather.
	8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Taken at 1 o'clock Noon.		
Nov. 16	44	44	42	29 48		Rain.
.... 17	44	49	43	.. 80		Fair.
.... 18	45	52	46	30 08		Foggy.
.... 19	48	49	44	.. 20		Fair.
.... 20	46	46	45	.. 10		Cloudy.
.... 21	40	39	32	.. 20		Fair.
.... 22	28	35	27	29 85		Snow.

PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.—The Second and Third Parts of Mr. Dewhurst's Dictionary of Anatomy, dedicated, by permission, to J. Brookes, Esq., F.R.S., &c.; also, by the same author, a Minute System of Osteology, with illustrative notes.—A Short Series of Popular Lectures on the Steam Engine, by Dr. Lardner.

Helias Knight of the Swanee will form the next of Mr. Thoms' Early Prose Romances.

WORKS JUST PUBLISHED.—Snatches from Oblivion, royal 12mo., 10s. 6d.—Bullock's Western States of America, 12mo., 5s.—Hope Leslie, three vols., 21s.—Pitman's Second Course of Sermons, two vols., 21s.—Huntington's Memoirs, 12mo., 6s. 6d.—Holland's Young Cadet, 12mo., 5s. 6d.—Juvenile Rambler, 3s. 6d.—Oxford Drawing Book, 4to., £2. 2s.—Essays on Chronology, by a Member of the University of Cambridge, 12mo., 6s.—Cullen's Works, two vols., 8vo., £1. 14s.—Bouchertor's Elements of Differential and Integral Calculus, 8vo., 15s.—Wilson's Memoirs of West India Fever, 8vo., 8s.—Lisfranc on the Stethoscope, by Alcock, 2s.—Brasse's Greek Gradus, 24s.—Valpy's Second Latin Exercises, 2s. 6d.—Bekker's Aristophanes, £3. 15s.—Larcher's Notes on Herodotus, £1. 10s.—Litchfield on Medical Education, 1s. 6d. Ditto on the Healing Art, 1s.—Religion in India, 9s.

WORKS just published by BURGESS and HILL, Great Windmill Street, Haymarket, MR. GUTHRIE'S SURGICAL WORKS. In 8vo. the Second Edition, with Additions and coloured Plates, £1. 5s. boards.

LECTURES on the OPERATIVE SURGERY of the EYE; or, an Historical and Critical Inquiry into the Methods recommended for the Cure of Cataract, for the formation of Artificial Pupils, &c.; containing a new method of operating for Cataract, by extraction, which obviates all the difficulties and dangers hitherto attendant on that operation. By G. J. GUTHRIE, F.R.S. Surgeon to the Westminster Hospital, to the Westminster Infirmary for Diseases of the Eye, and Lecturer on Surgery, &c. We advise every practitioner who wishes to acquire information on the subjects of which it treats, to consult Mr. Guthrie's work, as it contains a greater mass of useful information connected with diseases of the eye than any other with which we are acquainted. The practical observations have been principally made at the Infirmary in Warwick Street, where we ourselves have had frequent opportunities of witnessing the great dexterity of Mr. Guthrie in the performance of various operations on the eye.—Vide London Medical and Physical Journal for September. Also, by the same Author,

Observations on Gun-Shot Wounds, on Inflammation, Erysipelas, Mortification, Injuries of Nerves, and on Wounds of the Extremities, requiring the different Operations of Amputation at the Hip Joint, Shoulder Joint, &c., in which the various methods of performing these operations are shown, together with their after-treatment; and containing an account of the Author's successful case of Amputation at the Hip Joint. Third edition, with additions, 8vo plates, boards, 18s.

DR. GREGORY'S PRACTICE OF PHYSIC. In 8vo. the second edition, carefully revised, and considerably improved, 16s. boards.

ELEMENTS of the THEORY and PRACTICE of PHYSIC, designed for the use of Students. By George Gregory, M.D.

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